VISTA GRANDE | CROCKER TRACT

COLMA RECORD

HILLCREST | MISSION TRACT

BY J. L. BROWN. COLMA, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1910. VOL. 2. NO. 8.

BRIEF NEWS NOTES OF HAPPENINGS IN NORTH END TOWNS

What Your Neighbors Have Been Doing During the Past Week.

Interesting Events in This Part of San Mateo County Reviewed in Terse Paragraphs.

Smile!—be it ever so painful.

Mrs. Tom Heard visited in Fruitvale Monday.

A house for rent furnished—419 Los Olivos avenue. *10

Born to the wife of John Callahan, May 22d, a son.

Try the Acme Quality Paints at the Spring Valley Lumber Yard. *

Mrs. R. Castle attended the San Jose Rose Carnival last week.

Mrs. A. B. Clark visited Mrs. Bortano last week in Vista Grande.

Charley Wedmeyer of Hillcrest went to Cogguing, Alaska, last week.

Mrs. Broderick of Santa Ana avenue is visiting her sister in Los Angeles.

Glen White has returned from his visit at Napa, where he went Saturday.

Mrs. P. Woods has returned from a three weeks' confinement to the hospital.

Mrs. A. Neuman and daughter, Myrtle, will spend six weeks at Camp Meeker.

A. Frankel of Vista Grande, who has been quite ill with la grippe, is improving.

The Lady Foresters nominated officers at their last Tuesday evening meeting.

Mrs. Walter White and children will spend next week with relatives at Calistoga.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Elliott, of San Francisco, visited at Walter White's this week.

The Spring Valley Lumber Yard for the Acme Quality of Paints—the best in the world. *

Those wishing to register can do so by calling on Phil Fahy, at White House, Colma.

Mrs. Sam Goldman and daughter visited Mrs. A. Neuman on Merced avenue this week.

A. P. Ray and family from the East are visiting his brother, C. R. Ray, of San Carlos avenue.

First-class union printing right here at home. Quick work and perfect satisfaction guaranteed. *

F. Casairo, wife and son, have returned to Vista Grande, after a six months' visit in Washington.

The Record is prepared to print your election cards with union label and first-class in every particular.

N. T. Ronning, the assistant S. P. agent at Colma, is still confined to the hospital, but is reported improving.

The Protestant Sunday School of Colma meets every Sunday at 9:30. Mrs. H. W. Brown is superintendent.

The new Vista Grande Meat Market has a meat cart, and will solocit orders and then deliver meat at your home. *

Peter Stampinoni, of the firm of Stampinoni Bros., who has been quite feeble, is reported as considerably improved.

The Columbia Park boys will leave the 10th on a walking trip to Eureka. Ben Neuman of Vista Grande belongs to the crowd.

Just try the Mission Tract Grocery once and you will be convinced that it is the best place to get pure food, and at the most reasonable prices.

The Scandinavian Society of San Francisco had a fine picnic at Louvchen Garden Sunday. Next Sunday the Workmen's Circle will picnic there.

There are a number of new announcements of candidates this week, all received too late for special mention in this issue, but will be done next week.

The Salvation Army start their meetings Tuesday evening at 21 Carlos avenue, Hillcrest, and will meet every Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday evenings at 7:30.

AVIATION AND AUTOMOBILE CARNIVAL AT TANFORAN, MAY 29-30, 1910

Big Benefit for the Roads of First Township

Supervisor Casey is Doing Things For His Road District---Greatest Good Roads Carnival We Ever Had

Final arrangements have been made for the big combination Automobile and Aeronautic Carnival at Tanforan next Sunday and Monday, the proceeds of which are to be used in improving the roads of the First Township. No pains have been spared in beautifying the park and big steam rollers and road graders, with sufficient water, have been in constant operation for the past ten days in preparing the track, so that it is pronounced by experts to be perfect, and will no doubt insure the most advantageous and interesting exhibit ever pulled off anywhere.

Besides the automobile show, there is every assurance that the aviation portion of the program will even excel in interest. Northern California has a new candidate for aviation honors in the person of Harrold Hall, who at the recent San Jose Carnival, went up in Frank Johnson's Curtiss biplane and flew with the ease of a Paulhan, and immediately became recognized as the most promising of local bird-men. On this occasion Hall made a complete turn within a radius of 150 feet, dipping and swerving with all the grace of a veteran flyer. This is one of the shortest turns on record and stands as a sensation in local aviation contests.

Great interest naturally attaches to the announcement that Hall will again attempt flight at this big Good Roads Motor Carnival, when he will use a Green biplane owned by Mr. Crosby, a notable figure in aeronautic circles. Crosby some months ago made several sensational flights on Long Island with this same Green machine and on other occasions had demonstrated unusual aviating skill. Crosby will also fly at the coming meet and at present has his biplane camped on the aviation field at Tanforan, where he and Hall are accustoming themselves to the air currents previous to the contests.

Another competing biplane, that is already calling for much speculation as to its success, is the one recently built by Fred Wiseman and Ben Nunan of Santa Rosa. This biplane is constructed along the lines of the Farman and is practically an exact duplication of the one used by Paulhan when here. Local experts are unanimous in declaring the machine perfectly designed and all prophesy success for it at the Tanforan field.

Numerous gliders will enter the events prepared for them, because of the liberal awards offered. These devices, which rise from 60 to 150 feet into the air, will be towed by automobiles and will offer an interesting spectacle.

Arrangements have been made in which Ballonist Boldwin, who has been in the business for thirty-two years, will carry off a Flanders automobile with his big ballon, the "Queen of the Pacific." On alighting the ballonist will drive the car back to the aviation field. All these stunts will be pulled off on both days of the meet.

This Good Roads Automobile Racing and Aviation Meet is given under the auspices of the San Francisco Motor Club, who were induced to take the matter in hand by our most efficient supervisor, Jim Casey, to whom every public-spirited citizen in the First Township should take off their hats to, because of the good he is accomplishing without cost to our taxpayers. The proceeds of this affair, that will no doubt amount to at least $50,000, are all to be used for the betterment of our roads. The Club has most extensively advertised the affair in San Francisco and aroused the utmost interest of every automobilist in the city, so that success is an absolute certainty. Hurrah for Jim Casey and the good roads that are now assured because of his efforts.

Women's Too Showy Headgear Brings Rebellion in Church

New York.—Eighty male parishioners in a Brooklyn Episcopal church have organized a fight against the wearing of the immense hats affected by women at Sunday services. They have prepared a letter, printed copies of which have been circulated through the congregation and mailed to most of the offending women. The letter says in part: "We men are tired of peering through women's headgear in the hope of being able to catch an occasional glimpse of what is going on in the chancel. We are tired of straining our ears amid thickets of millinery in the effort to hear what the preacher is saying. Unless a reform comes soon a large number of men will withdraw from the church and refuse to contribute to its support."

Didn't Know President's Name But Was Accepted as Juror

Minot, N. D.—An American born citizen, a resident of North Dakota for the last seven years, was found a few days ago who did not know a single State or county official by name nor the name of the President of the United States.

In selecting a jury for the Noah murder trial a farmer testified he knew nothing of the case. He admitted his ignorance as to the identity of any county or State officer and when asked for the name of the President of the United States replied: "I have heard the name, but have forgotten it." He was accepted on the jury.

The Record's new job printing department is meeting with good success, and the high grade of work that is being turned out is receiving universal praise. *

Another "Wise Guy" definition: A sowish critterino who would not even buy a ticket to the Hillcrest Boys Club entertainment, yet depends upon their parents for patronage.

The residents of Colma are talking about incorporating. During the last year that section has grown rapidly and it will be a good move to incorporate.—San Mateo Leader.

Supervisor Casey has changed the order of things so that the sprinkling of the roads will now be done in daytime, the experiment of night sprinkling not having proven satisfactory.

No need to go to the city for **Job Printing.** The Record has installed a beautiful outfit, first class in every particular, latest designs in type and every modern facility for producing perfect results. *

Mrs. M. A. Johnson, 614 Mission Road, has added to her dry goods stock a line of ready-to-wear ladies' shirtwaists and children's dresses. Also Union-made overalls for men and boys. Special prices this week. *

Chas. P. Lambert, the monumental worker, is an expert at his profession and makes a specialty of letter-cutting on monuments in cemeteries—gilded if desired. Shop and residence near Mt. Olivet and the Italian cemeteries.*

The Mission Tract Grocery is up-to-date in every particular. Purest groceries to be found anywhere. Orders solicited and goods delivered anywhere in Vista Grande, Mission Tract, Hillcrest or Crocker Tract. Phone Mission 4534.

An organization was effected Monday evening of a Vista Grande band, with Chas. Paustian temporary leader and W. J. White, secretary. Fourteen members were enrolled and a committee was appointed to secure instruments.

Dr. P. D. Rowland, Physician and Surgeon of the German Hospital, has office hours in the Knowles building, Hillcrest, from 7:00 to 8:30 p. m. Hospital hours, 9:00 to 12 a. m.; phone Park 349. Residence, 117 Peoria street, near Green avenue, Crocker Tract, phone Mission 7270. *

The new signs on the cars warning passengers not to get off until the car stops is all right, but one has to be a lively jumper to get off before it starts again in some cases. Saturday evening B. Ottibonie was thrown to the ground and sustained severe bruises and cuts about the face in this way.

By giving your job printing to the Record, you thereby assist your home paper and enable it to more effectually assist you and your interests in this locality. If you get your printing elsewhere, you get nothing in return compared to the assistance that the Record can and will give you if you will just "tote fair." *

The service of the Vista Grande postoffice is certainly excellent. A letter mailed either at the office or in the box at the corner of Mission and Hillcrest Drive, any time during the night, will be taken up in time to arrive in the city for all the outbound morning trains, or for delivery to any part of San Francisco before noon.

Supervisor Casey says the big culvert on Mission Road near the Jewish cemetery, is about completed. It extends across Mission and down Collins avenue to the creek, and is a fine piece of work, being three feet in diameter, so that in the future the road at that point, during the winter season, will not become impassible.

As stated in the Record two weeks ago, Mr. Coffroth is testing the validity of the law that is alleged to prohibit boxing contests. That this matter might be decided in the courts, a contest was arranged at the Colma arena last Monday between Jim Hagan and Eddie Fagin. The contestants were arrested, after which a writ of habeas corpus was issued, the hearing of which is set for 10 o'clock Saturday morning in Judge Buck's court in Redwood City. A great deal of interest is felt hereabouts and the general desire seems to be that the law will be found inoperative.

The Ladies' Aid House Party at Mrs. Gus Faber's was a pleasant affair. The program consisted of songs by Elsie Ravel and Ruth Talbott; concertina and guitar music, Mrs. C. P. Lambert and son, Fred; Norman Ravel, song; Frankie Sturla and Martin Lawrence, dialogue; Wilma Ravel, song and recitation; Josephine Lindsay, fancy dance; Geo. Wight Jr. and F. Pratt, songs. There were numerous other songs by those present.

Be a child once again and attend "Childhood Days" dance, given by El Camino Real Assembly, No. 456, United Artisans, at Knowl's Hall, next Tuesday evening, May 31. Miss McCullough's union music. Admission, 25 cents. Dress in children's dresses, bring your toys, dolls and Teddy bears, and don't forget the skipping ropes, just for "Old Times Sake." A prize waltz is on the program. The Oakland Drill Team will give a beautiful exhibition drill. Don't forget the place and date.

For the convenience of its readers, the Record has compiled a Time Schedule, giving the departure of cars from Hillcrest (the 5-cent car limit) bound toward the city, via the three lines: "San Mateo-Suburban," "Cemeteries" and "Ocean View." There are 238 cars each way, 476 in all, every 24 hours, besides the 30-minute owl-car service after midnight, and all these cars stop at the Record office. This schedule will be printed on business cards when desired, and appear from time to time in the paper.

Little Miss Pauline Johnson of 130 Irvington street, delightfully entertained a few of her friends at a pink tea party in honor of her fourth birthday, Monday afternoon, May 23. Those invited were: Mabel Martin, Carroll and Idalene Thompson, Milton Wehr, Jaennette Oswald, Russell and Flora Davis, Ruth McLean, Inez Glenn, Nile Fine, Allen and Harriett Rosenberg, Arthur Cave, Evelyn Wehr, Paul and Herbert Boren, Elmer Johnson, Muriel Sweeney, Daniel Sweeney Jr., Winifred O'Rourke, Pauline Johnson. Those helping Mrs. Johnson to receive were: Mrs. Chas. Wehr, Mrs. Chas. Quirey, Mrs. A. J. Martin, Mrs. Frank L. Thompson.

The Hillcrest Boys' Club certainly did fine in their first entertainment, and everyone is loud in praise of the perfect management in producing so interesting a program. The music of the Columbia Park Boys Band added materially to the success, and the farce was one of those pleasant diversions that produce a funny gladness. The remaining portion of the entertainment consisted in very creditable vaudeville sketches by Alice Baker, Dorothy and Baby Scoble, Geraldine Arnold, the Crockers, Grace Betram, Fonda and Myrtle and George Douglass, and last but not least the "Jeffries-Johnson Boxing Match" that caused much laughter. The boys are to be congratulated upon their success and all our people have good cause to be proud of so worthy an organization.

Elsewhere in this issue of the Record will be found the Fire Tax Election Notice for the establishment and maintenance of the Vista Grande Fire Department. The advantages to be derived from an adequate fire protection are incalculable. It means the saving of a great deal of property, thus making the risks less hazardous, and the underwriters are already promising a big reduction in insurance rates as soon as the Fire Department is established and equipped. Every public-spirited and good citizen is therefore in duty bound to do their utmost toward carrying the election by a large vote, for the more enthusiasm thus manifested, the greater interest will be gained from the insurance companies, who stand ready to reduce the present exorbitant insurance rates to a nominal figure, as soon as they can feel justified in doing so.

Sensitive.

"You didn't seem to like it," said her brother, "when Miss Gwinpley hoped your shadow never would grow less."

"The spiteful old thing!" snapped the elderly spinster. "That was only her way of hinting that I'm in the afternoon of my life, and that she likes to see my shadows grow longer!"

POTATO COMBINE TO BE PLOWED BY GRAND JURY

Inquisitors Would Know Why Price Increased From 60 Cents to $2.40 a Sack.

San Franciscans Who Have Been Held Up May Soon Be Relieved of Exactions of Food Trusts.

San Francisco.—A searching inquiry designed to demolish the potato trust will be undertaken by the Grand Jury at the conclusion of the fish trust hearing. Evidence of a startling character, showing that at different times of the year the price has been increased from 60 cents to $2.40 a hundred pounds, is in the possession of the Grand Jury.

The investigaiton of this combine and its suspected kindred organization, the vegetable trust, has been in progress for some time, and the result of the work of special agents of the Grand Jury has shown that an investigation is necessary.

Neither Foreman Goldman nor District Attorney Fickert will discuss the forthcoming inquiry, which it is believed will produce as many, if not more, sensations than the fish trust hearing, and asserted that whatever the Grand Jury was going to do would be made public at the proper time.

It is known, however, that agents of the inquisitorial body have been extremely active for three or four weeks and that a great mass of data has been collected which will be presented as soon as the debris of the fish inquiry has cleared away. In fact, the Grand Jury now in session has work enough mapped out to keep it busy for months.

Other trusts are down on the book of Foreman Goldman, who, while refusing to discuss the potato trust investigation, said:

"I am not at liberty at this time to discuss any trusts by name, nor to say where the inquisitorial body will strike next."

Dr. F. J. H. Bush, Dentist.

Dr. F. J. H. Bush opened up his Dental Parlors in the Knowles Building, Monday, March 14, 1910, with office hours from 10 a. m. to 7 p. m. on week days, and from 10 a. m. to 1 p. m Sundays, and respectfully solicits the patronage of the public. Dr. Bush is a first-class dentist in every branch of his profession, and always gives perfect satisfaction. *

Lots of Fun.

El Camino Real Assembly, No. 456, of the United Artisans, will give a "Childhood Days" Dance in Knowles Hall, Hillcrest, on Tuesday evening, May 31st. Everybody, young and old, is invited to come and dress in children's costumes. Just to be a child once again. Bring your dolls, Teddy bears, skipping ropes and toys, and enjoy yourselves as a child would. Leave all care behind and enter into the spirit of the evening. A beautiful drill will be exhibited by the Oakland Drill Team of the United Artisans. Admission, 25 cents. Cut this out so you won't forget the date.

NOTICE

District School Meeting

In accordance with the provisions of the Political Code, notice is hereby given that a meeting of the qualified electors of the Jefferson School District, County of San Mateo, State of California, will be held on the 3rd day of June, 1910, between the hours of 8 o'clock p. m., and 12 o'clock p. m., at the Colma Hall, in said Jefferson School District, for the purpose of determining the sites of two School Houses, to be erected in said District.

S. BELLI,
GEO. W. SAVAGE,
CHAS. SUENDERMAN.
Trustees of Jefferson School District.
Dated, May 23, 1910.

Our oil exports to China increased from 23,000,000 gallons in 1899 to 87,000,000 in 1909 and nearly 104,000,000 in 1908, having thus quadrupled in ten years.

COLMA RECORD

Issued Every Friday

J. L. BROWN, Editor and Proprietor

If nothing else, colleges keep a man from dying rich.

The rumor that Aunt Hetty Green is going to give away a large sum of money still lacks verification.

King Menelik has died, for the eleventh time during the past year. We earnestly hope it may not be fatal.

In 1842 the Chicago papers were voicing mild protests against the large spring bonnets. Millinery, like history, is a repeater.

Two Cincinnati girls have been left $8,000,000 apiece, with instructions to marry whom they please. With that much money they can do it.

An American girl has become engaged to a prince who is heir to an income of $1,000,000 a year. There are new things under the sun.

Governor Stubbs, of Kansas, declares that the tree is man's best friend. No doubt the farmer's hired hand will agree with the governor.

A Frenchman says he can understand the language of chickens. This will be a valuable accomplishment, if he can persuade a fowl to tell its age.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company is about to raise the wages of 175,000 men, but we predict that the butchers and grocers will continue to get it all, just the same.

"The mosquito lays between 200 and 400 eggs every ten days." Yes, if there were any commercial demand for them, the cold storage experts would be retailing them at 45 cents a dozen.

Even though the average wages of workmen in Germany have increased 20 per cent during the past twenty years, they still look small in comparison with the wages of workmen here in the United States.

An estimate of the bureau of statistics at Washington shows that while the number of people in this country has increased 10,000,000 during the past ten years there has been a decrease of 5,000,000 in the number of animals. A good many families must have quit keeping cows.

The superintendent of Chicago's anti-cruelty society says that there are 500,000 homeless cats in the Windy City, and he recommends that they be caught and destroyed by means of charcoal fumes. He adds that since the advent of cement sidewalks and modern flat buildings cats are not needed to catch rats and mice.

King Peter of Servia, who was raised to the throne after the murder of his predecessor, is at last to be received by another European monarch. He has been invited to visit the Czar in St. Petersburg. How much the desire of Russia to strengthen its influence in the Balkans had to do with the invitation to Peter will not be known till the secret history of the Russian foreign policy is written.

Regarded from a purely scientific point of view, the hunting trip of Mr. Roosevelt and his son was one of the most successful ever known. The party secured about five hundred large mammals, the rarest and most important of which are the giant eland, the white rhinoceroses, the bongos and the sitatunga, a kind of antelope. Of some of these animals, the Roosevelt specimens are the first to be taken out of the country. The collection also includes many thousands of birds and small mammals, all of which, together with the larger animals, will go to the national museum, the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington.

Major Enver Bey, one of the leaders of the recent revolution in Turkey, is to be rewarded for the part he took in placing the present sultan on the throne. The Turkish ruler has selected a princess of the blood royal, one of his own nieces, as a bride for the man who did so much to end the old regime and send Abdul Hamid into miserable exile in a $5,000,000 palace, where only eleven of his wives were permitted to accompany him. Enver Bey has for some time been a member of the Turkish diplomatic corps in Berlin, and it was there that the glad news of his engagement to the sultan's niece reached him. Prior to the announcement of his engagement, he did not know of the young lady's existence; but he is greatly elated, as well he may be. To become the sultan's nephew must in the nature of things be quite an achievement for any good young Turk. Enver has, moreover, seen a picture of a brother of his future wife and likes his looks, therefore he expects to be very happy. We have admired Enver Bey from the time he began attracting public attention, and we earnestly hope his matrimonial venture may turn out satisfactory in all respects. At the same time his enthusiasm is not readily grasped by the occidental mind. We should think a man of spirit would in choosing a wife want something more tangible than a picture of the lady's brother as a basis for his affection.

It is the commonly accepted belief that the sons of great men rarely equal their sires in point of ability, and especially in the line of ability which distinguished the sire. There are some notable exceptions, as for instance the younger Pitt, and John Quincy Adams. But as a rule we shall find, both as a matter of history and personal observation, that the common opinion is correct. A writer in a current magazine attempts to account for this fact by assuming that the son usually inherits his intellectual traits from his mother, although in physique he is apt to take after his father. The writer cites a lot of instances to show that in the line of royalty it is quite common to see the qualities of a great king handed down to his successors for many generations. This is because that in royal marriages the bride of the heir apparent is carefully selected from among the great families, royal or other. Hence the high strain of blood is maintained in the descent. But among the mass of the people, from which the world usually gets its great geniuses, literary, financial, scientific or professional, marriages are made hap-hazard. A great man is often attracted by a woman far inferior to him intellectually. In the vast majority of cases no attention is paid to mating with a view to transmitting great qualities. A compensation of these hap-hazard marriages is that a very ordinary man sometimes becomes the father of a very great one. This view is fanciful to some extent. It cannot be based upon any accurate statistics. But it gives abundant food for thought. It may be used as an argument for the higher education and culture of women. It gives a hint of the advisability of arranging marriages with prudence and forethought. It may be admitted that love in marriage is an essential, but it will do no harm to season it with judgment and good advice.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

Daughter Wanted to Show that Her College Education Was Useful.

Milicent and Cousin Linda were having their first talk when a voice from the stairs interrupted them.

"Milly, dear," it called, "I want the arnica for Sanna's wrist, and you've changed everything round so on the medicine shelves I can't find it!"

"There's an indexed list hanging right on the cupboard door!" Milicent called back, proudly. "Just look in the A's and you'll find it, with the shelf and row."

"Your writing is so scrawly I can't seem to, Milly. I'm afraid you'll have to come," persisted the voice, plaintively.

When Milicent returned the room was empty, but she heard talking in the library beyond. Cousin Linda was there, perched on a stepladder, at the foot of which stood the professor, hair rumpled, brows drawn in an anxious pucker, blinking upward.

"Four small fat volumes in brown leather, title almost erased," he was repeating. "It's very kind of you, my dear. I'm really rather lost since Milly rearranged the books. Of course, it's much better to give them classified and catalogued—only—I could have put my hand on anything I wanted in the dark—no, that isn't it—dear me! dear me! I'm giving a great deal of trouble."

"Father, if you'd only refer to the catalogue," said Milly, reproachfully, from the threshold. The professor started guiltily.

"Of course, my child, of course," he agreed, hastily. "But I keep thinking I see what I want, and when it turns out something different, I seem to catch a glimpse of it somewhere else." He uttered an ejaculation and made a pounce. "Got him! Ah, Pepys my good friend, you won't elude me next time!" He clasped the beloved volume and carried it to his desk, adding, apologetically, as he sank into the deep chair, "You mustn't think I don't appreciate your work, daughter. I need a little time to get used to it, that's all."

"O Linda—do you think I'm just bothering them?" cried Milicent, tragically, as they came away. "I wanted so to be useful, and prove that college hadn't spoiled me for fitting in—and I seem just to make trouble whenever I try to improve things!"

"Not so bad as that," said Linda. "It's certainly worth while to have the library catalogued. But the medicine cupboard, and the linen closet, and inventorying the china—perhaps that's a little—well, extreme! You'll have to learn to balance method and theory against habit and custom. When you've been at home two years, like me, instead of two little months, it will be easy."

"I do like things done the best way!" said Milicent, with a sigh.

"Yes; but the same best way isn't best for all people and all occasions," replied Linda.

"And they managed to achieve results before I imported my methods," Milly acknowledged.—Youth's Companion.

A Pretty Comparison.

Daughter—But I don't intend to marry yet; I want to study.

Mother—Absurd! The men will only think less of you in the end if you know much.

Daughter—Oh, now, mamma, you always expect other men to be like papa.—Boston Transcript.

Could Be Gauged.

"They say that vegetation runs riot along the Amazon. Baffles imagination, so to speak."

"Oh, I don't know. Looks about like an Easter hat, I judge."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A man who has a side line usually gives his side line more attention than he gives his business.

A guest may be as glad to go as the host is to have him

THE TRAINING OF UNITED STATES CAVALRY CADETS.

BLACK HORSE TROOP FORDING A STREAM.

Although the United States Government supports but one national military academy it encourages military training in a number of other schools and colleges by detailing to these institutions officers of the army and navy. These subsidiary military schools are of three kinds. There is, first, the state school which receives financial aid from the state government and is regarded as a part of its military establishment. A notable example of this class of schools is the Virginia Military Institute, famous as the West Point of the Confederacy, and now enjoying the distinction of having more of its graduates in the United States Army than any other school or college. The second class comprises the agricultural and mechanical colleges which have received donations of land from the government and which under the terms of these grants are required to give instruction in tactics. Private military schools may be considered as

A COSSACK RIDING EXERCISE.

forming the third class. These schools use military training because of its value as an educational instrument. The course of instruction in the classified schools varies from the two or three hours per week of drill or lectures in schools and colleges with military departments to the daily routine of the essentially military institutions in which the cadets live in barracks under constant discipline, march to classes and to meals, and receive a course of theoretical and practical military training which takes as its model and approximates as closely as can be done in a private or state institution to the superb course of training at the National Academy at West Point. Even in colleges in which the course is most limited a large number of young men receive each year at least a general idea of drill, discipline, and the art of war, while from the essentially military schools some hundreds of cadets are turned out annually who are thoroughly disciplined and well instructed in the care and handling of troops and who will in time of war prove thoroughly competent officers of volunteers. Thus somewhat the same results are obtained from the military schools, though, of course, on a smaller scale, as from the compulsory military training of European countries. Great attention is paid to horsemanship. Indeed, there is nothing that could be more delightful for a boy than to have a horse of his own and to be taught all sorts of feats such as these pictures illustrate.

PYRAMID OF CADETS.

POPULAR SCIENCE

Suez canal has proved to be one of the most profitable commercial undertakings in the history of the world, and the Manchester ship canal is now accomplishing all and more than was promised at first.

Engineers and scientists are making exhaustive studies of the recent floods in Paris, to devise a system which will prevent a repetition of the disaster. It is planned to keep the Seine within its channel either by constructing higher embankments or by carrying the surplus waters around the city in a by-pass channel.

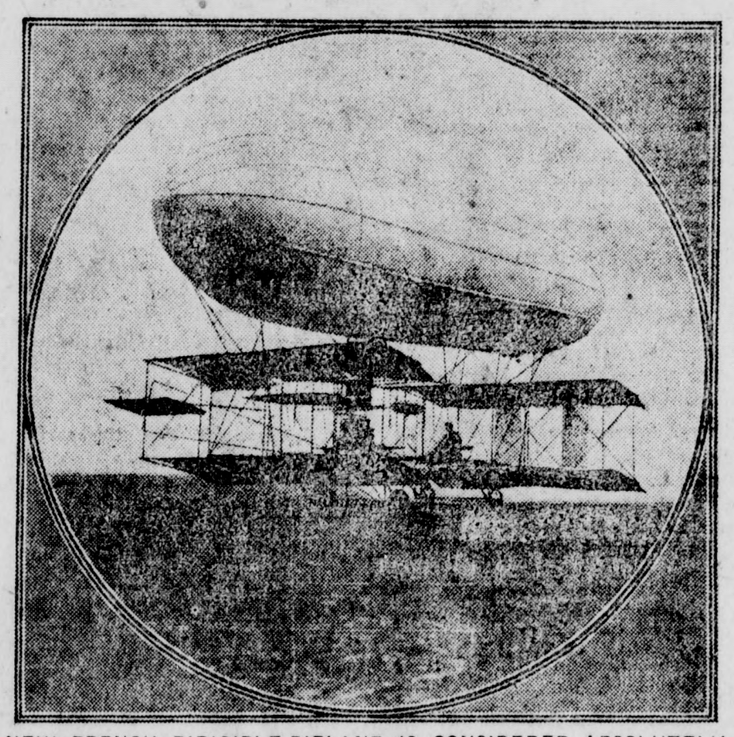
That the steel car is of great value as a protection to passengers in the event of collision was demonstrated in a recent clash of two trains in the Hudson tunnnel, New York City. There was no telescoping, as would probably have occurred with wooden cars, and the injuries were merely such as resulted from the passengers being thrown down by the shock of the collision.

The latest report of the Geological Survey shows that the value of the metallic products of the United States for 1908 was $549,923,116, as against $903,802,244 for 1907. The only increase was in the case of gold—$94,560,000, against $90,435,700. Yet in the case of copper the quantity was greater in 1908 than in 1907—942,570,721 pounds, against 868,996,491 pounds. The value of the non-metallic products also showed a falling off from $1,167,705,720 in 1907 to $1,045,497,070 in 1908. The unspecified mineral products, however, increased from $100,000 to $250,000. Petroleum showed an increase in both quantity and value—179,572,479 barrels, against 166,095,335 barrels, and $129,706,258, against $120,106,749.

A new petroleum field is being developed on the northern slopes of the Caucasus, about fifty miles from the seaport of Touapse, on the Black sea, in the district of Maikop, South Russia. It is reported that the thickness of the oil series indicates that the district will take a prominent place among the world's oil regions. The oil is found in Oligocene beds of Tertiary age, and a fact of great interest is that the oil beds are everywhere associated with a vast abundance of fish and vegetable remains. In one cliff no trace of petroleum is found except in a layer of sandy clay, which alone is full of ancient fish remains. This is regarded as making the inorganic theory of the origin of petroleum inadmissible so far, at least, as the Maikop district is concerned.

At least two Brazilian travelers have described an extraordinary phenomenon connected with the nests of white ants, or termites. Dr. J. S. da Fonseca, who saw the exhibition on the head waters of the Rio Verde, describes the appearance as that of tiny stars, giving the nest the look of a miniature tower brilliantly illuminated. When the nest was struck with a stick the lights went out, only to reappear again little by little. Castelnau, in the middle of the last century, beheld a similar spectacle near the city of Goyaz. He says that the lights were produced by an immense number of small phosphorescent larvæ, which withdrew into the galleries of the mound when an attempt was made to capture them. Prof. J. C. Branner of Stanford University remarks that this exhibition is probably confined to some particular species, or to some special occasions or conditions of termite life, since he has lived and traveled ten years in Brazil without seeing it.

COMBINED BALLOON-AEROPLANE.



NEW FRENCH DIRIGIBLE-BIPLANE IS CONSIDERED ABSOLUTELY SAFE.

A series of aeroplane trials which have been taking place at Issy-les-Moulineaux, the well-known aviation center in France, have been marked by the novel feature of a combination of the dirigible with the gas bag, and the trials are being watched by aviators with the keenest interest. The above illustration shows the tandem biplane belonging to M. Cesar making a flight. It has a cigar-shaped envelope and is fitted with a 50-horse power Prissi and Bertahud motor.—London Sphere.

HOUSE OF CEMENT.

Maine Man Made Himself a Home After an Entirely New Pattern.

In Belfast, Me., there is a house, built by Frank Hoag, believed by the builder and citizens of that place to be the only one of the kind on earth.

Aside from the blasting and digging for the cellar, the house was built by Mr. Hoag himself. The entire outside, the Boston Globe says, is of cement, the mixing of the component parts being undertaken after long study of the subject. Mr. Hoag finished the inside of the house first. This being done, he lathed the whole outside with wire screen stuff, such as is used for fencing chicken pens. This was firmly fastened. The studding was close, and when the wire was on it gave a rigid surface on sides, ends and the slopes of the roof.

Over this layer of wire he spread a first coat of cement. It was well pressed on, so that it oozed through the meshes of the wire for a clinching hold. When this first coating was thoroughly set another and a heavier one was spread over the surface. Shingle effects were fashioned on the gables, and on the roof the cement was shaped and lined, to give an appearance of slating. Then over the whole outside was laid a finishing veneer of cement paint.

The house is as tight as a bottle. It is impervious to heat or cold, or leak of rain; and, as its foundation is a solid ledge, it can defy the frost to wrestle with it. Mr. Hoag says the cost of building was about the same as wooden construction would have been, but he says there is no great number of repairs

FLASHES OF FUN

Top (who has dined off hashed mutton)—Bill, waiter. Waiter—What did you have, sir? Top (sarcastically)—I haven't the faintest idea.

"Did you get in without your wife hearing you last night?" "No, and I didn't get in without hearing her, either."—Houston Post.

"Who is the gentleman seated in the large touring car?" "That is the poet laureate of a well known biscuit factory."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"Do you think there is really any such thing as platonic love?" "Yes. It exists between most husbands and their wives."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Papa, what is faith?" "Well, my boy, they say your baby brother sleeps, but I've never seen him do it. Yet, if I believe he does, that's faith."—Life.

She (as they dance)—I'm afraid I'm tiring you rather. He—Oh, not at all. I used to be attendant in the elephant house at the zoo.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Knicker—Jones is all the time wanting more money. Bocker—No wonder; his father was a college president and his mother was a woman.—New York Sun.

"Do you really believe this aviator will come back to the starting point?" "He won't dare do otherwise. His wife is waiting for him there."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Vicar—And what induced you to send for me, Mr. Russett? Russett—What's 'e say, Betty? Betty—'E says: "What the deuce did you send 'im for?"—M. A. P.

"Why don't you teach your son a lesson by making him live without his allowance for a while?" "Goodness! I can't even make him live within it!"—Cleveland Leader.

Lady—My cooking always tastes so good to you, and it never suits my husband at all. Beggar—Well, why don't you get a divorce and marry me?—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

"I am a plain-spoken man," said the applicant for a job. "I'm afraid you won't do," replied the railroad official. "We are advertising for an experienced train announcer."—Philadelphia Record.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is an epigram?" "An epigram, my son, as modernly propounded, is any sentence containing less than two conjunctions and three commas."—Washington Star.

"Does she seem to take kindly to society ways, now that her husband has made such a pile?" "Oh, yes, indeed. She was the loudest talker at grand opera the other night."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"John," queried her husband's wife, "if some bold, bad man were to kidnap me would you offer a reward?" "Sure thing," replied the wife's husband. "I always reward those who do me a favor."—Boston Courier.

Inquisitive Lady—And what is this little box for? Nerve-Racked Clerk—Oh, for odds and ends! Inquisitive Lady—But it has two compartments. Why is that? Nerve-Racked Clerk—One for odds, madam, and the other for ends.—Harvard Lampoon.

"Would it be any harm to deceive her about my age?" inquired the elderly millionaire. "Probably not." "I'm sixty. How would it do to confess to fifty?" "I think your chances would be better with her if you claimed seventy-five."—Kansas City Journal.

"How nicely you have ironed these things, Jane!" said the mistress, admiringly, to her maid. Then, glancing at the glossy linen, she continued in a tone of surprise: "Oh, but I see they are all your own!" "Yes," replied Jane, "and I'd do all yours just like that if I had time."—Central Christian Advocate.

"My brother, my poor brother!" she moaned, as a halfback was carried unconscious from the field. "Ah, but how thankful we should be," her escort, an old player, cried gayly. "Thankful! Thankful for what?" exclaimed the girl. "Thankful that it wasn't a fullback," said he. "We haven't a decent fullback sub, you know."—Minneapolis Journal.

Friend—So yours was a case of love at first sight? Mrs. Getthere—Yes, indeed. I fell desperately in love with my dear husband the moment I set eyes upon him. I remember it as distinctly as if it were yesterday. I was walking with papa on the beach at Long Branch, when suddenly papa stopped, and, pointing him out, said: "There, my dear, is a man worth ten millions."—New York Weekly.

"Jane," said a lady rather sharply to her cook, "I must insist that you keep better hours and that you have less company in the kitchen at night. Last night you kept me from sleeping because of the uproarious laughter of one of your woman friends." "Yis, mum, I know," was the apologetic reply; "but she couldn't help it. I was a-tellin' of her how you tried to make cake one day."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Trapped.

The perpetually clever man listened solemnly to the tramp's hard-luck story.

"That's the same old yarn you told me last week," he said, winking at his companion.

"Maybe it is," admitted the weary one as he started on. "I'd forgotten having met you. I was in the penitentiary last week."—Success Magazine.

Many a girl passes for a beauty because her feet don't show.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

CONQUERING WASTE LAND.

EUROPE is conquering the waste land problem by planting trees. Every year thousands of acres of land are being reclaimed in this way by the leading countries and put in a condition preparatory to a profitable timber harvest in the years to come. Not only many previously forested areas which have been cut over have been planted up, but a number of the countries are also devoting their energies to establishing a forest cover on dunes and other waste lands, and, in fact, on all land which is more valuable for producing timber than for other purposes.

France has been one of the foremost European countries in reforestation, especially in the mountains, where planting has been a powerful factor in controlling torrents and regulating stream flow. The State each year buys uncultivated lands, in the mountain regions, and up to January, 1907, it had acquired 503,000 acres in this way. Communes, associations and private individuals are also assisted in reforestation work by grants of money and by supplies of plants and seeds. Altogether 249,000 acres have been planted through this public assistance. Complete exemption from taxation for a long period of years is granted in the case of plantations made on the tops and slopes of mountains. A reduction of three-fourths for all land planted or sown, whatever its situation, is also made.—New York Evening Post

SIRES AND SONS.

IT is the commonly accepted belief that the sons of great men rarely equal their sires in point of ability, and especially in the line of ability which distinguished the sire. There are some notable exceptions, as for instance the younger Pitt, and John Quincy Adams. But as a rule we shall find, both as a matter of history and personal observation that the common opinion is correct.

A writer in a current magazine attempts to account for this fact by assuming that the son usually inherits his intellectual traits from his mother, although in physique he is apt to take after his father. The writer cites a lot of instances to show that in the line of royalty it is quite common to see the qualities of a great king handed down to his successors for many generations.

This is because that in royal marriages the bride of the heir apparent is carefully selected from among the great families, royal or other. Hence the high strain of blood is maintained in the descent. But among the mass of the people, from which the world usually gets its great geniuses, literary, financial, scientific or professional, marriages are made hap-hazard.

A great man is often attracted by a woman far inferior to him intellectually. In the vast majority of cases no attention is paid to mating with a view of transmitting great qualities. A compensation of these hap-hazard marriages is that a very ordinary man sometimes becomes the father of a very great one.

This view is fanciful to some extent. It cannot be based upon any accurate statistics. But it gives abundant food for thought. It may be used as an argument for the higher education and culture of women. It gives a hint of the advisability of arranging marriages with prudence and forethought. It may be admitted that love in marriage is an essential but it will do no harm to season it with judgment and good advice—Minneapolis Tribune.

ONE GIRL AND ANOTHER.

A BEAUTIFUL New York society girl, burned by flaming gasoline when her automobile was run down by a street car, has been awarded $20,000 damages by a New York court because her neck is scarred so that she cannot wear low-necked gowns at social functions. A few days ago a Jersey judge, receiving a verdict of $8,500, awarded by a jury to a little girl whose leg had been cut off by a car, said the amount was too large taking into consideration the great improvements in cork legs.

One girl is rich; the other poor. One is a belle of society; the other a workingman's baby. One girl is surrounded by luxury, and lives an idle existence; the other is in a humble home, and must help with housework, and earn her support. Yet the rich girl, whose soft hands will never make a bed or wash the dishes, is given $20,000 for a few scars on her shapely neck, while the poor girl crippled for life, hampered in the struggle for existence, is told by a judge that $8,500 is more than she should receive for losing a leg.

Queer laws, and queer courts, aren't they for a land where freedom and equality are established by the constitution?—Chicago Journal.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE TELEGRAPH.

WE have just passed the sixty-fifth anniversary of the inauguration of the commercial telegraph in the United States. The system had a very modest beginning; now it stretches over almost the entire world. A girdle of wire has been placed around the earth; there is speedy and reliable communication between all civilized countries on the globe. The wireless system of telegraphy has proved a wonderful agency in enlarging the field for electric communication. It has proved of practical value to a certain extent for commercial uses. It has also demonstrated its efficiency as a life-saver. Altogether, the development of the telegraph, from the days of Professor Morse and his primitive instruments to the present day, has been marvelous and even magical. —Baltimore Sun.

EGGS AS OMENS.

Curious Divination Custom Among Hill Tribes in Farthest India.

The egg enters in a peculiar way into the lives of the people of the Khasi Hills, in Assam, Farther India. No event of any importance in the life of a Khasi takes place without divination by egg-breaking. The number of eggs broken for omens is only limited by the resources of the owner. Groups of Khasis may be seen arguing and wrangling for hours, and accompanying their ejaculations by furiously banging an egg on the ground, until in time they are standing in a disgusting mess of egg shells, yolks and the blood-red saliva caused by betel-chewing. When the success or failure of some prospective event is in question, the custom is to drop an egg on a peculiarly shaped board, and then, from the configuration of the splashed yolk, and the position of the bits of shell, draw an augury concerning what is likely to happen. When it is desired to discover the cause of some sickness or misfortune, the man addresses the egg after this fashion: "Oh, egg, I am only a man, and ignorant, and I can divine nothing. You can communicate with spirits, and between them and us have intercourse. Now, say, who has done this—who has caused this man to fall sick? If the spirit is in the house, let the signs be on the left; if out of the house, on the right." Then he spits on the egg, and, taking some clay in his hands, smears it over, so that the outside of the shell may be quite unmistakable when it is smashed. Apology is made to the egg by the man saying, 'I don't spit on you to insult you, but to clean you and give you a color," and then it is hurled upon the board.

DIVINATION BY MEANS OF EGGS.

LIVED ON 50 CENTS A WEEK.

London Miser Who Is Worth a Quarter of a Million Dollars.

A miser who had lived for years in squalor on 50 cents a week while he was in receipt of an income of $3,000 a year and had, it is believed, $250,000 worth of property, has just forsaken his solitary life and sought better shelter in a Salford hospital, a New York Sun's London correspondent says. His name is John Clarence Hudson. He was found by the hospital officials lying on a bedstead covered with a dirty rag, with a stick by his side to keep the rats from his food.

He told the officials that he could live well on 50 cents a week. A cent's worth of milk had to last him four days and a loaf of bread for a week. His meat allowance was half a pound a week, and he bought half a pound of sugar every three months. Yet he admitted that he had $17,500 of railway stock and house property, and it is stated that he received a legacy of $150,000 from his parents.

He also declared that he had not been bathed for twenty years, and it took two nurses two hours and a half to make up the arrears in that respect. But amid all the squalor of his home the officials found a touch of a long-dead romance.

A table was laid in one room for two people to dine. It had always been kept like that, they were informed by the woman who attended the miser. Hudson, who practiced years ago as a solicitor, is said to have been crossed in love.

Another feature of the case was the discovery of a picture of Spanish beggar girls, which, Hudson declares, is a Murillo.

BEAT PAY-AS-YOU-ENTER CARS.

Parcel Laden Suburban Travelers Successfully Combine.

They do not care for new-fangled things on their trolley cars in the suburban districts, the New York Herald says. Pay-as-you-enter cars may be all right in Broadway, but in Yonkers and New Jersey, where the suburbanite is known by the number of parcels he carries, that sort of modern equipment is not wanted, thanks.

And therefore the Yonkers railroad company and lines to Newark have bowed to the will of the people and are putting back the good old-fashioned cars in which the conductor falls over the passengers' corns.

Women are responsible for the reversion to the old type in Yonkers. They convinced their husbands that to negotiate three bundles, a bird cage and several children into a car of the pay-as-you-enter variety required a mathematic training far beyond them. One of the women was the wife of Mrs. Leslie Sutherland, receiver for the Yonkers Railroad Company.

In Newark they adopted business methods to oust the pay-as-you-enter outfit. There a few hundred patrons of the lines agreed to always pay their fares in dollar bills. The result was that the conductors were soon deluged with the bills and unable to carry sufficient change. Besides this, schedules were upset by the delay in making change for so many.

Mr. Sutherland told the public service commissioner all about the troubles experienced in trying to introduce the trolley innovation. He said he went to Van Cortlandt Park, where passengers change from the subway to the surface lines, and tried to persuade them it would be all right as soon as they got used to the new system.

"I went up there," said he, "until the people made fun of me and called me a politician. I stood near the stairs and tried to persuade the people to get their change ready, and even offered to provide them with change. But they would not listen and set themselves against it, just as they did in Newark, where they formed the dollar committees."

Because of this it was necessary to put back old cars without wheel guards and fenders.

Commissioner Maltbie decided the company had been negligent in providing proper wheel guards on the old cars which have come from premature retirement and served notice that if the commission's orders are not carried out soon the company will have more trouble on its hands than that experienced at the hands of the irreconcilable suburbanite.

Trapped.

The man was neither neatly nor well dressed. He was plainly a tramp, begging, and had just turned away from one passer-by when he saw a young man walking briskly toward him. "Please, mister," said the tramp, "can you give us a dime to get something to eat with?"

The young man stopped. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"Can't get work," said the other, glibly. "I haven't had a bite to eat since yesterday morning. Pawned all my clothes, 'cepting these. Slept under a wharf for a week, and I don't know anybody in the whole city—honest, I don't."

The young man looked at the tramp's smooth face, over which a razor had evidently passed very recently.

"Who shaved you this morning?" he asked, and as the beggar faded away the young man grinned, and walked on down the street.

What Accountancy Means.

Accountancy is not and never can be a matter of abstract knowledge to be transferred by means of lectures, but is the art of knowing how to supply that knowledge to the requirements of business under very varying conditions. It is essentially something that cannot be taught in lectures or classes, but can only be acquired as a result of careful individual study and a reasonable amount of actual practice.—Bookkeeping.

Greatly Overestimated.

Hewitt—Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives. Jewitt—I think you overestimate the number of people who mind their own business.—Brooklyn Life.

A Fearful Punishment.

Compulsory sleeplessness, a Chinese punishment for murder, is fatal in one or ten days.

Old Favorites

Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night.

Come along, get you ready, wear your bran, bran new gown,
For dere's gwine to be a meeting in that good, good, old town
Where you knowed ev'rybody, and dey all knowed you,
And you've got a rabbit's foot to keep away de hoo-doo.
When you hear dat the preachin' does begin,
Bend down low, for to drive away your sin,
And when you gets religion, you want to shout and sing,
There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night, my baby.

Chorus—
When you hear dem a-bells go ding, ling, ling,
All join 'round and sweetly you must sing;
And when the verse am through, in the chorus all join in,
There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night!

There'll be girls for everybody in that good, good, old town,
For dere's Mis' Consola Davis and dere's Mis' Gondolia Brown,
And dere's Mis' Johanna Beasley, she am dressed all in red,
I just hugged her and kissed her, and to me den she said:
"Please, oh, please, oh, do not let me fall,
You're all mine, and I love you best of all,
And you must be my man, or I'll have no man at all,
There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night, my baby."
—Theodore A. Metz.

Life.

A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in,
A moment to laugh and an hour to weep in,
A pint of joy to a peck of trouble,
And never a laugh but the moans come double.
And that is life.

A crust and a corner that love makes precious
With the smiles to warm and the tears to refresh us
And joys seem sweeter when cares come after,
And a moan is the finest of foils for laughter—
And that is life.
—Paul Laurence Dunbar.

THE REAL JOY OF LIVING.

Experienced as Followers of Bavarian Parish Priest's Rule.

Have you ever experienced the sensation of having the dewy grass tickle your toes and the soles of your feet on a beautiful spring morning? If you have you can understand partially with what joy the followers of the rules prescribed by Father Kneipp for the cure of human ills hail the advent of spring. To them it means relief from the confinement of the bath tub and the real thing again. Only a real Kneipp enthusiast can quite comprehend just what that means.

It is a good many years since the obscure parish priest in Bavaria first popularized the cold water cure after curing himself of tuberculosis, according to his own assertion. His followers these days are generally those who have broken down nervously. In New Jersey and other places where the enthusiasts get together in the summer shoes are rarely if ever worn, sandals taking their place.

Apparently there isn't a happier set of human beings than these Kneipp followers when they are following exactly the rules of the order. Watch them emerge on a bright morning just before breakfast barefooted and bare-legged, both men and women, and make for the dewy grass, and you will see them all smiles.

Trooping in afterward with their pink feet they are almost ecstatic. It has taken the place of the Englishman's tub and the Frenchman's coffee. There is no coffee for them, by the way.

If there is one thing the Kneipp follower looks upon with horror it is coffee, for that is supposed to offset all the good effects of his barefoot stroll. But he is as great an enthusiast on the subject of his malt substitute as the Frenchman might be in respect to the real thing. That and his scorn for the towel might be said to distinguish him.

Pulling clothes on over a wet skin is as familiar a struggle with him as it is to the boys at the swimming pool. At a Kneipp resort, where cold water bathing is as much a part of the day as the dew-walk, they are adepts at it. It is only when the reaction from the cold water begins to dry your underclothes that you get the real joy of cold water.

A Model Man.

Periodically there are published the names of celebrities who were famous before they were 35. But genius is exceptional. The great mass of people might enjoy the facts about some desirable model whom they may hope to equal some time if they live and learn. For their consideration, therefore, we here set down the achievements of a certain man. At 20 our hero had learned to bathe properly and to sleep with the window open; at 25 he had loved a wholesome girl and married her; at 35 he had mastered his temper and learned to reserve judgment; at 45 his children were proud of him; at 60 he has achieved kindness, moderation and the respect of his neighbors.—Collier's Weekly.

It is too bad that Etc. is not as easily said as written. Then, perhaps, there would be less foolish talking.

If you are down-hearted, it's your stomach.

TURTLE'S EGGS FOR AGASSIZ

When Prof. Louis Agassiz was writing a book on the turtles of the United States, it became necessary for him to have some fresh turtle eggs. He engaged Mr. Jenks, of Middleboro, about forty miles from Cambridge, to get them for him. Mr. Jenks promised that the eggs should be in Agassiz's hands before they were three hours old. Mr. Jenks, who lately told the tale to a writer in the Atlantic Monthly, had to wait by a certain pond for the turtles to come out and lay their eggs in the sand. Finally, after weeks of waiting, one morning about 4 o'clock a turtle crawled up the beach, partly buried herself in the soft sand, and laid her eggs.

As she did so the distant clock struck 4. There was no train till after 9, and the eggs must be in Cambridge in three hours.

I laid the eggs on a bed of sand in the bottom of my pail; filled in between them with more sand; so with another layer to the rim; and covering all over smoothly with more sand, I ran back for my horse. He knew, as well as I, that the turtle had laid, and that he was to get those eggs to Agassiz.

I let him out. I shouted to him, holding to the dasher with one hand the pail of eggs with the other, not daring to get off my knees, although the bang on them, as we pounded down the wood road, was terrific. We had nearly covered the distance to the pike when ahead of me I heard the sharp whistle of a locomotive.

With a pull that lifted the horse from his feet, I swung him into a field and sent him straight as an arrow for the track.

By some stroke of luck I got on the track and backed off it before the train hit my carriage. But the maneuver was successful, for the engineer stopped and I swung aboard the cab—hatless, dew-soaked, smeared with yellow mud, and holding, as if it were a baby or a bomb, a little tin pail of sand.

"Throw her wide open," I commanded, "wide open! These are fresh turtle eggs for Professor Agassiz of Cambridge. He must have them before breakfast."

The engineer and the fireman no doubt thought that I was crazy; but they let me alone, and the fast freight rolled swiftly into Boston.

But misfortune was ahead. We slowed down in the yards and came to a stop. We were put on a siding, to wait no one knew how long. In the empty square stood a cab.

The cabman saw me coming. I waved a dollar at him and then another, dodged into the cab, slammed the door, and called out, "Cambridge! Harvard College! Professor Agassiz's house! I've got eggs for Aggasiz!" and I pushed another dollar up at him through the hole.

"Let him go!" I ordered. "Here's another dollar for you if you make Agassiz's house in twenty minutes!"

We flew to Cambridge. There was a sudden lurch, and I dived forward, rammed my head into the front of the cab, and came up with a rebound that landed me across the small of my back on the seat, and sent half of my pail of eggs helter-skelter over the floor. But we were at Agassiz's house. I tumbled out and pounded on the door.

"Agassiz!" I gasped when the maid came. "I want Professor Agassiz, quick!"

She protested that he was in bed, and threatened the police. But just then a door overhead was flung open, a great white-robed figure appeared on the dim landing above, and a quick, loud voice called excitedly:

"Let him in! Let him in! I know him. He has my turtle eggs."

And the apparition, slipperless and clad in anything but an academic gown, came sailing downstairs. The great man, his arms extended, laid hold of me with both hands, and dragging me and my precious pail into his study, with a swift, clean stroke laid open one of the eggs, as the watch in my trembling hands ticked its way to seven—as if nothing unusual were happening in the history of the world. —Youth's Companion.

GOLF LINKS OF THE FAR EAST.

Hazards Are Often Chinese Graves or Stray Cabbage Patches.

The chief hazards on the links of Tientsin are of a somewhat gruesome character since they consist of the graves of deceased Chinamen. The modern golfing architect is in favor of mounds as hazards and he might glean some ideas from the graves at Tientsin. "So and So's grave" has been, time out of mind, a favorite name for some bunker of particularly infamous reputation in this country, but it has never borne so literal a meaning as it might in China, says a writer in Fry's Magazine.

As to the Chinese caddie, the Chinaman, we are told, does not understand golf at all. Perhaps he sees a game in its proper light, two middle-aged persons becoming absurdly heated over a trumpery little ball. At any rate, his one aim is to get done with the round and receive his fee, and he patiently inquires of his employer at intervals how long he proposes to follow the little white ball.

The golf course at Pekin is also on a flat plane and, as Tientsin, the plain is muddy. It lies close to the Antung gate and to get there from the European quarter necessitates a long and dusty journey by pony or rickshaw. As at Tientsin, hazards have a disconcerting way of springing up like mushrooms in the night. They are, however, of a less horrible character, although possibly more difficult to play out of since they consist, not of graves, but of cabbage gardens, which the Chinaman plants at his own sweet will in the same rapid and light-hearted way.

Thus the character of the course changes from day to day in a way calculated to dispel monotony and a golfer who has carefully placed his tee shot in such a way as to get a clear run up to the hole finds himself confronted instead with a most difficult pitch over cabbages.

The difficulties of the situation are enhanced at Pekin by the fact that the golfer is only allowed to play on condition that he does not disturb the cabbage patches. "Golf is not agriculture," so it has been written of those who tear vast and hideous divots from shrinking turf. It is held to be true at Pekin and the native agriculturalist will have the law on you if you interfere with the fruits of his industry. Cabbage patches are strictly out of bounds.

Other hazards of a less transitory character are camel roads, which traverse the links from the mountains. Along these roads there come, in addition to camels, great droves of ponies, which the Mongolians bring down to sell in Pekin. Yet another possible incident of Pekinese golf is the dust storm, which is a terrible infliction.

When the dust storm arises, which it does with abominable suddenness, the game stops and the players make for ditches and trenches, or cower behind mud walls. The stern rule which disqualifies those who shelter during a medal round is presumably suspended at Pekin in regard to dust storms.

One Cold Saved.

Logic is logic, whether it touches the affairs of nations or a cold in the head. The conviction, says London Tit-Bits, was forced upon a Liverpool woman whose coachman, although he had been ill for several days, appeared one morning with his hair closely cropped.

"Why, Dennis," said the mistress, "whatever possessed you to have your hair cut while you had such a bad cold?"

"Well, mum," replied the unabashed Dennis, "I do be takin' notice this long while that whiniver I have me hair cut I take a bad cowld, so I thought to meself that now, while I had the cowld on to me, it would be the time of all others to go and get me hair cuttin' done, for by that course I would save meself just one cowld. Do you see the power of me reasonin', mum?"

Thy Hosiery.

The socks I darn for thee, dear heart,
Mean quite a pile of work to me;
I count them over, every one apart,
Thy hosiery, thy hosiery.

Each sock a mate, two mates a pair,
To clothe thy feet in storm and cold;
I count each sock unto the end, and find
I've skipped a hole.

Oh, carelessness, this is thy reproof,
See how it looms across my sole,
I grind my teeth, and then in very truth
I darn that hole, sweetheart, I darn that hole!
—Puck.

So Careless.

Child—Mamma, mamma, my piece of bread and butter has dropped on the buttered side!

Mamma (to nurse)—Mary, I must beg that you will be more careful to butter Elsie's bread on the right side.

COLMA RECORD

Published Weekly

J. L. BROWN
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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Entered as second-class matter October 19, 1909 at the postoffice at Colma, California, under Act, of Congress of March 3, 1879.

FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1910.

Tips a Luxury, Says Court.

White Plains, N.Y.—Is the tip to the hotel a luxury or a necessity? Some time ago a New York City court ruled that the tip was a necessity and therefore a legitimate item in the expense account of a city employe. The courts here, however, beg to disagree. Supreme Court Justice Morchauser ruled in a suit before him this week that tips to hotel waiters are an expense which the employer of a traveling salesman need not pay.

Killed by Girl Autoist.

St. Paul, Minn.—S. B. Shotwell, a stock broker, was run down and killed by an automobile while on his way home from the ball game. The machine was driven by Miss Theodora Stuart, aged 19, of Minneapolis who was accompanied by her mother and sister and two men relatives.

Bond Election for Water System.

Roseville.—Roseville will vote June 6 on the question of bonding the city in the sum of $75,000 for the purpose of extending the present water sysem. The movement for a more complete sewer system had its inception in the fight to make this city sanitary. The crusade against the mosquito is going on and it is proposed to improve sanitary conditions at the same time.

U. S. Products For China.

New York.—That American exporters and manufacturers are making substantial headway in China against European competition is shown by the announcement here that orders for $900,000 worth of railway equipment have been placed in New York for delivery in the Celestial Kingdom. Bridges, locomotives, shop equipment, pile drivers, rails and a power plant are among the items included in the orders, which are for delivery on five different railway projects.

Sues Recalcitrant Lover.

San Francisco.—Ten years is a long time for a lover to wait to fulfill his promise to marry—too long in the opinion of Miss Angela Cazala, who is suing Jean Fort Paez for $2500 damages to compensate for the defendant's refusal to carry out his promise. They became engaged in January, 1900, Paez promising he would marry Miss Cazala "within a reasonable time."

Long Flight of Balloon.

St. Hyacinthe, Quebec.—The balloon Cleveland, which ascended from North Adams, Mass., came down here after the longest flight ever made by a balloon from New England. The balloon traveled more than 200 miles in an air line, was in the air 11 hours and 52 minutes and reached an altitude of 11,000 feet. A. Leo Stevens was the pilot.

Recipe for Long Life.

Chicago.—Mrs. Dinah E. Sprague welcomed her relatives and friends Sunday to her 101st birthday reception and offered a recipe for a long life. "My recipe for long life is to live sensibly. I have always dressed warm in winter and cool in summer, despite the dictates of fad. Raised on a farm I have had plenty to eat, and I never missed a meal."

Asiatics Fight on Shipboard.

Seattle.—Twenty-three Chinese passengers on the Blue Funnel line steamer Keemun, which arrived here from Hongkong, were wounded in a battle on the ship a few days before her arrival, a feud having broken out between the men from Wuchow and those from Samshue. There were no fatalities.

Long Cross-Country Relay Race.

Los Angeles.—A cross country relay over the longest route ever run in California is planned for May 28 by the Young Men's Christian Association of Southern California. Five hundred athletes will asist in carrying a message from Santa Barbara to Redlands, a distance of 250 miles.

COAST EVENTS OF PAST WEEK TERSELY TOLD

Interesting News Items From States Bordering On the Broad Pacific.

Assemblage of Paragraphs That Present Important Occurrences in Condensed Form.

Redondo Beach.—By a majority of 90 votes out of a total of 604 it was decided that saloon licenses should be issued here during the coming year.

Sebastopol.—At the meeting of the directors of the Sebastopol Gravenstein Apple Association, it was decided to erect a pavilion 90x200 feet, in which to give the apple show in July.

Oakland.—Councilman Everhart has introduced an ordinance making it unlawful for a theater patron to attempt to go to a seat while the performance is on and thereby disturb those who are already seated.

Sacramento.—Acting Governor Porter honored the requisition of Governor May of Washington for the return to Seattle of Archie Risbridger, a cigar maker under arrest in San Francisco for alleged abandonment of his wife and eight-months-old baby.

Reno, Nev.—While attempting to board a Southern Pacific train which was pulling out of the yard at Winnemucca, Isadore La Fontaine, a 19-year-old boy of Bakersfield, slipped and fell under the wheels. His right leg was terribly crushed and had to be amputated to save his life.

Sonoma.—The historic Bear flagpole, which has stood in the plaza here since June 14, 1846, when Captain Ezekiel Merritt led a party of 11 men from Fremont's camp, 120 miles distant to Sonoma, and captured Lieutenant Arci, fell recently as a result of the tormenting given it by a high wind.

Ukiah.—A. Van Hesse was found guilty by a jury of selling liquor at a railroad camp, in violation of the State law forbidding the sale of intoxicants in the neighborhood of where dangerous explosives are being handled. Van Hesse is one of the contractors on the extension of the Northwestern Pacific railroad.

Redwood City.—While returning with Sheriff Robert Chatham and a posse of deputies from San Jose, where they had gone to arrest a man wanted in San Mateo for horse stealing and suspected of burglary, Charles Luscher, a chauffeur, ran down and fatally injured a man who was bicycling along the road at Mountain View.

Sacramento.—Burchell Upson of Sacramento and Lee Scott of Stanford University, the college man who recently broke the world's record with a pole vault of 12 feet and 10 inches, are to tour Europe, northern Africa, southwestern Asia and perhaps the far East on motorcycles. Both men are members of the senior class at Stanford, and will be graduated this year.

Santa Cruz.—Reviving in his sleep scenes of surf diving he had witnessed during the day, J. B. Schnauber, an actor of a company recently playing here, and whose stage name is Jack Ambrose, walked to a window in his sleep and plunged to the sidewalk two stories below. Schnauber struck on his head and shoulders, fracturing his jaw and one wrist, and sustaining many bruises.

Reno, Nev.—Albert W. Perkins, one of the old-time prominent miners of the Comstock, shot himself through the right temple, death resulting instantly. His wife was on the back porch hanging out clothes. Perkins had been suffering from miners' consumption for the past five years, and his condition preyed upon his mind. He was 64 years old and came to the Comstock when he was 19.

Sacramento.—An analysis of the birth registrations in California, compiled for 1909, has satisfied Statistcian George D. Leslie of the State Bureau of Vital Statistics that an increase of 14 per cent in the rate for the rural districts is due to more careful reporting of births than to an actual increase of visits from the stork. The increase in 26 charter cities, he finds, is such as may be expected from a growing population.

Los Angeles.—More than 200 homeseekers have filed claims in the Palo Verde valley. The State of California has laid claim to 60,000 acres in the valley on the ground that the tract to be opened to settlement is swamp and overflow land. This claim will be heard by United States Surveyor-General Archer, on June 15. Should the decision be in favor of the State, the filings made with the Government by prospective homeseekers will be void.

POLITIGAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Aspirants for political favors will do well to remember the Record in having their announcements published, as this paper is extensively circulated in a very thickly populated portion of San Mateo County and is practically read by everybody from the San Francisco line to the cemeteries. The Record is absolutely INDEPENDENT and therefore in a position to give one and all a SQUARE DEAL, and that is all you will get.

AMBROSE McSWEENEY
FOR
COUNTY TAX COLLECTOR
Candidate for the Republican nomination at the August Primary

THOMAS L. HICKEY
FOR
ASSEMBLYMAN
Candidate for the Republican Nomination at the August Primary

P. P. CHAMBERLAIN
(Incumbent)
FOR
COUNTY TREASURER
Candidate for the Republican Nomination at the August Primary

C. L. McCRACKEN
(Incumbent)
FOR
TAX COLLECTOR
Candidate for the Republican Nomination at the August Primary

H. O. HEINER
FOR
COUNTY RECORDER
Candidate for the Republican Nomination at the August Primary

DR. H. G. PLYMIRE
(Incumbent)
FOR
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Candidate for the Republican Nomination at the August Primary

ORDINANCE OF THE FIRE COMMISSIONERS

Appointing Police Officials to Act During Pendency of Fire or Conflagration.

Whereas, under and pursuant to an Act of the Legislature of the State of California, approved March 6, 1899, authorizing the organization and equipment of a Fire Department in unincorporated towns and villages, with a Board of Fire Commissioners, whose duties include the selecting of special police officials, as set forth in Sections 22, 23 and 24, of said Act, as follows, to wit:

"Section 22. They may adopt such ordinance, within the purview of the preceding section, as they may deem proper to prevent fire and conflagrations, and for the protection of property at and during the pendency of any fire, and for that purpose may provide that at and during the pendency of any fire the officers of the fire company or companies present shall be vested with police powers. Such ordinances shall be signed by the said Fire Commissioners, and published in a newspaper printed in said town or village, or posted in three of the most public places thereof, for a period of two weeks, at the end of which time it shall be and become a law for the government of the inhabitants of said town or village."

"Sec. 23. Any person who shall violate any of the provisions of said ordinance shall be guilty of misdemeanor."

"Sec. 24. Any justice of the peace within the township within which said town or village is situated shall have jurisdiction of all prosecutions under this Act, and Sections fourteen hundred and twenty-six to fourteen hundred and forty-nine, both inclusive, title nine, chapter one, of the Penal Code, are hereby made applicable to proceedings under this Act."

Be it therefore ordained, that the officers of said Fire Department, including the Fire Chief, Assistant Fire Chief, and Captains and First Lieutenants of the companies, shall constitute the police force as provided for in the foregoing sections, 22, 23 and 24, specially named and designated as follows:

Fire Chief—Charles E. Montgomery.
Assistant Fire Chief—C. A. Bradtberg.
Captain, Co. No. 1—Geo. W. Savage.
Lieutenant, Co. No. 1—Joseph Ott.
Captain, Co. No. 2—Herbert Secor.
Lientenant, Co. No. 2—H. Elmers.
Captain, Co. No. 3—Edward J. Ford.
Lieutenant, Co. No. 3—Ray Squires.

That the said designated officers of the Fire Department shall be empowered with full police authority, as provided by law, and shall continue in said authority until their successors shall be named and qualified.

Signed:
FRANK A. SMACK,
H. H. SMITH,
DENNIS QUILLINAN.

Members of and constituting the Board of Fire Commissioners of the Village of Vista Grande, County of San Mateo, State of California.

Dated, Vista Grande, California, May 24, A. D., 1910.

NOTICE
Fire Tax Election.

Whereas, under and pursuant to an Act of the Legislature of the State of California, approved March 6, 1899, entitled "An Act to amend an Act to allow unincorporated towns and villages to equip and maintain a fire department, and to assess and collect taxes from time to time for such purpose, and to create a Board of Commissioners" (approved March 4, 1881, Stats., 1881, 26), relating to assessing and collecting said taxes," the Board of Supervisors of the County of San Mateo, State of California, did, upon a proper petition of more than fifty taxpayers and residents of the unincorporated Village of Vista Grande, in said County of San Mateo, State of California, appoint Frank A. Smack, H. H. Smith and Dennis Quillinan as a Board of Fire Commissioners of the Village of Vista Grande, of the County of San Mateo, State of California, to hold office until the second Monday in April, 1911, and until their successors were elected and qualified; and

Whereas, said Board of Fire Commissioners did fix and establish the fire limits of said Village of Vista Grande, and accurately describe the same, in writing, by metes and bounds, as hereinafter set forth; and

Whereas, Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the said Board of Fire Commissioners last named, said last named Board of Fire Commissioners, did fix and establish, and accurately describe, in writing, by metes and bounds, the fire limits of said village of Vista Grande as follows, to wit:

Fire District—Vista Grande.

Commencing at a point on the North boundary line of San Mateo County at the intersection of the East boundary line of the Southern Pacific Railroad right of way, running thence East along said North boundary line of San Mateo County to the center of the Mission Road; running thence Southwest along the center of the Mission Road to the intersection of this line with San Jose Avenue; thence South along the boundary line dividing the lands of the Crocker Estate Company and the lands of John Daly and Frank Knowls; running thence Southwest to the Northeast corner of Union Park tract; thence running West along the North boundary line of the Union Park tract to the Mission Road; running thence North on the Mission Road to the South boundary line of the Vista Grande Tract; running thence West along the South boundary line of Vista Grande Tract to the West boundary line of the Vista Grande Tract; running thence North along the West boundary line of the Vista Grande Tract to the intersection of this line with the North boundary line of the Vista Grande Tract; running thence East along the North boundary line of the Vista Grande Tract to the intersection of the line forming the East boundary line of the Southern Pacific Railroad right of way; running thence Northeast along the East side of the Southern Pacific Railroad right of way to the original place of beginning.

All of the above parcels of land described, situated in the North part of San Mateo County, State of California, and adjoining the City of San Francisco on the South.

Notice is hereby given to the electors residing within the fire limits above described, that in accordance with the provisions of said Act of the Legislature, of the State of California, approved March 6, 1899, an election will be held on the 11th day of June, A. D., 1910, at Ryan's Hall, in the village of Vista Grande, County of San Mateo, State of California, at which time will be submitted to said electors the question whether a tax shall be levied and raised for the purpose of establishing and maintaining a fire department for the said village of Vista Grande, of the County of San Mateo, State of California, and for protecting the same from loss by fire, and whether a tax shall be levied upon property within said fire limits and collected, sufficient to raise the sum of Two Thousand and One Hundred ($2,100) Dollars, with which to purchase water tank, hose, hose-carts, fire plugs, pipe and all other essential apparatus sufficient to thoroughly equip the department.

The polls of said election will be opened and the election held at the said Ryan's Hall, in the village of Vista Grande, County of San Mateo, State of California, on the 11th day of June, A. D., 1910, and the polls will be open from 8:00 o'clock, a. m., until 5:00 o'clock, p. m., of said day.

J. J. Fahey, Geo. W. Savage and John Bracken will act as judges of said election, and W. M. Talbott and Ray Squires will act as clerks of said election, to conduct the same.

That at such election the ballots shall contain the words: "Tax—Yes" or "Tax—No."

That the amount of money to be raised is Two Thousand and One Hundred ($2,100) Dollars for the purchase of water tank, hose, hose-carts, fire plugs, pipe and all essential apparatus sufficient to thoroughly equip the department; said election will be held as provided by law and as nearly as practicable in conformity with the general election law.

Board of Fire Commissioners of the Village of Vista Grande, of the County of San Mateo, State of California.

FRANK A. SMACK,
H. H. SMITH,
DENNIS QUILLINAN.

Members of and consittuting the Board of Fire Commissioners of the Village of Vista Grande, of the County of San Mateo, State of California.

Dated, Vista Grande, California May 24th, A. D., 1910. *jn10

Her Only Chance.

"You must not interrupt me when I am speaking, Ethel."

"Why, that's the only time I can interrupt you, mamma."—Yonkers Statesman.

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Judge Superior Court.....G. H. Buck
Treasurer .....P. P. Chamberlain
Tax Collector.....C. L. McCracken
District Attorney.....J. J. Bullock
Assessor .....C. D. Hayward
County Clerk.....Joseph H. Nash
County Recorder.....John F. Johnston
Sheriff.....Robert Chatham
Auditor.....Henry Underhill
Superintendent of Schools....Roy Cloud
Coroner and Public Administrator...
.....Dr. H. G. Plymire
Surveyor.....James B. Neuman
Health Officer....W. G. Beattie, M. D.

Officials—First Township

Supervisor.....James T. Casey
Justice of the Peace....A. McSweeney
Constable.....Bob Carroll
Postmaster.....B. S. Greene

THE CHURCHES.

CATHOLIC.

Colma—Mass, 9:30 a. m.
Ocean View—7:30, and 11:00.
South San Francisco—8:30.

Vista Grande M. E. Church—Rev. David Ralston, Pastor; Rev. J. E. Pescott, Asst.—Services 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School, 10 a. m.; Prayer Meeting, Thursdays; Junior League, Saturdays, 2:30 p. m., Mrs. Meeth, Supt.; Epworth League, Sundays, 6:30 p. m., Miss Ada Turner, Pres.; Ladies' Aid, alternate Tuesday, 2:30 p. m., Mrs. Redding, Pres.

Grace Presbyterian Church—Rev. A. R. Willis, Pastor (Residence, 442 Athens St., S. F.)—Services, 11 a. m.; Sunday School, 10 a. m.

POSTOFFICE NOTICE.

Postoffice open daily from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M. Sundays, 8 A. M. to 9 A. M.
Money order window opened from 7 A. M. to 5:45 P. M.
Letters for registration must be posted half an hour previous to the time for closing the mail.
Mails are dispatched from office 15 minutes before train time.
Out-going mail leaves as follows:

7:08 A. M.
1:10 P. M
6:49 P. M.

Mails arriving at this office are due as follows:

6:05 A. M
11:56 A. M.
5:55 P. M.

GEORGE WIGHT,
Postmaster.

VISTA GRANDE POSTOFFICE

Open daily from 7 A. M. to 8 P. M. Sundays and holidays 8 A. M. to 12 M.
Outgoing mails close 6 A. M. and 6 P. M.
Mail arrives at 7 A. M. and 7 P. M.

E. C. JOHNSON, Postmaster.

WOMEN AND FASHION

"That Middle Bureau Drawer."

High up in an old musty attic,
Deserted for ages or more,
Tripped a gay young bride (with her husband),
To explore the ancient lore.
The old, old books, from their sheepskins
Peered at them, as they passed,
While she viewed herself in a mirror,
Before which many brides danced.
'Way back in a corner, standing alone,
Thickly covered o'er with dust,
Stood an old mahogany bureau,
Smelling of rose leaves and must.
Toward this the bride now wended her way,
And said, "My, what a pity!
We'll have this all done over, dear—
We'll send it to the city."
She opened the upper drawers, in turn,
And exclaimed, at the silks, and laces,
But when into the middle one she looked
A change came o'er their faces.
There were dainty shoes of every hue,
And tiny stockings of lace.
Little bibs and sacques and dresses,
Causing tears to roll down her face,
For on each and every article
She found the name of the little one
Who last wore the treasured dainty,
And from a mother's arms had flown.
In the heart of each fond mother
There's a middle bureau drawer,
Where reposes dainty treasures,
Some of them worn and tore,
Little shoes, all soiled and worn at the side;
Little bibs, all stained and wet.
But there aren't any treasures like them,
At least I've not found them yet.

The Feminine Revolt.

The relation between the cost of living and the activity in the issuance of marriage licenses is recognized as intimate, even though the economists may not be able to express the subtle fact in a mathematical formula. But there can be no doubt that Cupid keeps an eye on the market prices of provision, even though he may have little use for the tailor.

There can be no doubt that this sprightly promoter of felicity has abandoned the old fallacy, enticing but illusory, that two persons can live just as cheaply as can one. Perhaps that untruth in domestic mathematics took form at a time when girls were different in some material respects from the maidens of to-day. It was once the fad that they should be delicate, without appetite, taking food after the manner of birds, with anaemic results. They were more fond of cakes and sweetmeats than of prosaic bread, potatoes and roast beef.: In those days there might be more economy in the feminine menu. But the girl of to-day is brought up to be buxom and robust. There has been a reaction, both sensible and widespread. She takes proper pride in her appetite and in her muscles, which she has learned are not at all inconsistent with gentle sentiment. She emulates her bothers in fondness for the open air and for suitable athletics.

There is no longer any reason for her sentimal semistarvation. If she likes a ballad to her eyebrow, she is ready also for a lobster after the opera. She may approve of kisses from the one right man, but he must also be able to provide a menu more extended than bread and cheese. Hence the normal and active feminine interest in the revolt against high prices in the market place.—Washington Post.

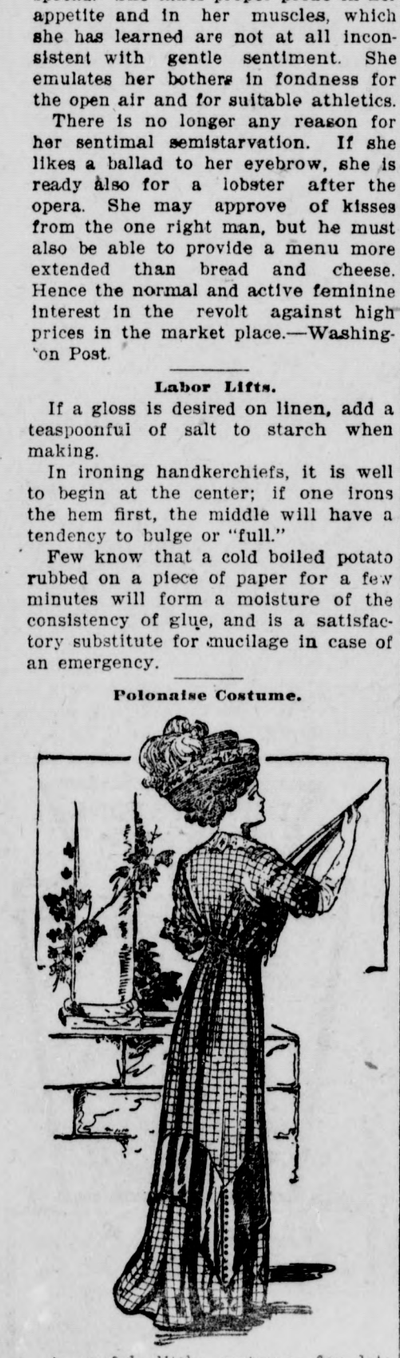
Labor Lifts.

If a gloss is desired on linen, add a teaspoonful of salt to starch when making.

In ironing handkerchiefs, it is well to begin at the center; if one irons the hem first, the middle will have a tendency to bulge or "full."

Few know that a cold boiled potato rubbed on a piece of paper for a few minutes will form a moisture of the consistency of glue, and is a satisfactory substitute for mucilage in case of an emergency.

Polonaise Costume.



A useful little costume for late spring and summer is shown in this one of white and dark blue foulard which has a slightly trained plain skirt over which falls a belted polonaise of the same material, widely banded with dark blue satin, overlapping at the pointed sides and apparently fastened with tiny buttons covered with blue satin. The fullness at the waist line is confined by a girdle of the satin, and the seamless shoulders elongate into elbow sleeves finished with satin cuffs and are trimmed with a frilling of embroidered muslin similar to that finishing the low-cut neck. White silk gloves embroidered with dark blue and a blue hat trimmed with white lace and plumes repeat the color scheme of the frock.

Fads and Fancies in Dress

Collar and cuff sets are once more in favor.

Three-piece suits of foulard are an extreme novelty.

Narrow skirts increase in favor, although plaited skirts are popular.

Lace-striped dimities made over colored slips or petticoats are quite new. The stripes are sufficiently wide to permit the underneath color to show through. Such dresses need little or no trimming and styles are extremely plain.

Lace scarfs are fast taking the place of chiffon and crepe de chine as an evening headdress. The laces are fragile and show the arrangement of the coiffure beneath. The scarfs are made long, but are not tied, as they drape prettily.

A new edged batiste, showing a plain border one and a half inches wide, is made in plaited style with the border as a piping, not a band. The effect is charming, as the edging is a plain color and delineates any good feature of the dress.

The leather-colored linen is made into a suit of tailored features, with the jacket front widely separated to reveal a double ruffle of soft white mull. The hat is burnt ochre straw with trimmings of black taffeta silk and stiff black aigrets.

A smart spring hat is in biscuit-colored fine straw, with a big bow of many loops of black tulle set rather toward the back and veiling a great cluster of purple and green leaves. The violets and leaves are of satin, sufficiently bright in hue not to be completely dulled by the tulle.

Soft-thread tatting, set in soft net collars, is used in attractive neckwear. A ready-made tatting, resembling the hand-made variety, serves very well. Among the deep lace collars which encircle the neck is a round one made of mull, finely plaited and inset with leaves, tendrils and flowers of Irish crochet. There is sufficient weight in the appliqued trimming to hold the weblike collar in place.

To Wear in the Hair.

"A pretty hair novelty is a band of gold embroidered in delicate silk," says Mme. Riche in the Woman's Home Companion, "sometimes pink, sometimes blue, but always in the same color as the gown with which it is to be worn. This band is long enough to run from ear to ear across the soft low pompadour which is now the vogue. Fancy buckles and sometimes embroidered buttons finish both ends. Under these, hairpins are fastened to hold the band in its proper place."

Ways of Wasting.

Some women foolishly think it a reflection on their generosity to be careful about the little things, while other women economize unwisely.

Instead of making the pot full of weak tea for the sake of economy, or of strong tea for the sake of being considered generous, and throwing away half of it in either case, measure both tea and water and make enough good tea so that it is practically all used. Never make a big fire when a light one is sufficient. In cooking with gas or oil, turn off the heat as soon as through with it. If water is to be heated, do not heat more or hotter than desired. I know a woman who is endeavoring by means of allowance and bookkeeping to keep down the living expenses, who three times each day heats a huge kettle of water on her gasoline stove to the boiling point for the dish washing and then uses about half of it after it is reduced to a usable temperature. She wastes enough in fuel to buy the fruit and other dainties of which she deprives her family, in order to keep within her allowance.

Reserve all the left-overs, but utilize them simply. One woman will take the good bits of meat that are left, a little stock, a slice of stale bread and an egg, and provide a delicious meat course for the family luncheon from materials, with the exception of the egg, that were in themselves useless. Another woman will at once throw out the left-overs. Another puts them on the table in their unpalatable condition, until the family eats them in desperation, or they become totally useless. And yet another uses unlimited new materials to conceal the old, thus spending much to save a little.

When Women Ruled.

It seems to be pretty well established that originally the matters of relationship and descent, along with all that followed, were determined through the female line. Kinship, and, therefore, property, was governed by the mother. Hence the power of the early woman. When a young woman got married she took her husband home with her, and if he proved unworthy it was within her power to cast him out. The woman was the "boss," and when she said "Go" he had to get out. It is comparatively late in the history of human society that we first see the change from female to male headship in the matter of kinship and inheritance and in the consequent transfer of the power and importance from the woman to the man.—Chicago Examiner.

STRAWS OF LATEST PATTERN.

Here are two of the good new models in rough straw. Ribbon plays a large part in the trimming of one of them, and the band about the crown is festooned with a wreath of tiny roses. The other hat is turned up sharply at one side, and its trimming savors of the chantecler.

Novelty in Trimming.

Ribbon, which takes such a prominent place in millinery this season, is the most practical of trimmings. When used in a large flat loose bow, with compact little wreaths of small flowers, it is most charming in effect.

An Insinuation.

Ethel (confidentially) — Do you know, Clara, that I had two offers of marriage last week?

Clara (with enthusiasm)—Oh, I am delighted, dear! Then the report is really true that your uncle left you his money?—Pick Me Up.

Silk Should Match.

Where silk hose are rubbed into holes in the back by low shoes or pumps, it is usually useless to darn them in the ordinary way. Place a piece of silk of the same color underneath and darn the stockings to it.

Piling It On.

The young, inexperienced wife was in tears. "Just think, mamma," she sobbed. "Henry threw a biscuit at me. One I made myself, too." "The monster!" cried her mother. "He might have killed you."—London News.

A SUNNY SOUL.

She Was Missed for the Brightness She Had Diffused.

"The Dyson girls," as Dulverton expressed it, "all amounted to something; they had faculty—except, of course," it usually added, with an indulgent smile, "Miss Vinnie. She didn't seem to take after the Dysons, somehow. She did her best; she never shirked; but Lavinia Dyson's best friend could scarcely maintain that she was capable."

She was gone now, and the gentle, indecisive, fluttering hands had no more tasks to do. The other Dyson girls—elderly women all, but still girls in Dulverton parlance—sat soberly in the sunny parlor, in a companionable silence, each with her task.

They were busy women, seldom idle even for a moment. Miss Lucretia was a leader in church work; Miss Pamelia was a notable housewife, and took orders for special kinds of preserves and cakes and pickles; Miss Anne had worked her way through college, and was a teacher in the high school; Amanda, the Widow Cole, had done her duty by three children of her own and a half dozen stepchildren before she joined her sisters in the old homestead.

Abruptly Miss Lucretia laid down her scissors. "I don't believe any one of us would have been missed so much," she said. "It's—I'm ashamed to say it's coming to me as a surprise. We knew what Vinnie was; we knew what she meant at home, and, thank heaven! we loved her for it, and she knew we did; but—I never even guessed what she meant to other people.

"The things that everybody is saying—the people who stop me in the street—" She broke off to master her voice, and finished with a sudden little sobbing laugh of pride: "Vinnie was an influence in the community. And how amazed she would have been if any one had told her so!"

"I know! I know!" assented Miss Anne. "I'm finding it out, too; and I've been trying to make out just how it was. She didn't do much—or say much, even, but she was always so friendly; and she always took it for granted everybody wanted to do the best thing the best way—she never wasted time or strength on worries or resentments, or suspicions, or pettinesses. People were somehow ashamed not to behave the way she expected them to."

"Yes," agreed Miss Lucretia, "and then they liked her so much; nobody could help that, and of course that made them want to do what she wanted. She was always so pleasant!"

"My girls adored her; they thought there was nobody with such ways and manners as Aunty Vinnie," murmured Amanda. "Young people never seemed to feel the bar of age with her; she seemed so happy."

"Ah, that was it!" cried Miss Anne. "I think it was her way of gathering brightness, and passing it on. Seemed happy—she was happy! She didn't need to do things like the rest of us. She just—shone! No wonder she's missed; it's like losing sunshine."

"'A single sunbeam,'" quoted Miss Lucretia, softly, from her favorite Saint Francis, "'can disperse many shadows.'"—Youth's Companion.

TIBETAN SENSIBILITY.

The Audubon Society has an unconscious branch in Tibet, or one may say, since such compassion exists in that distant country, that a similar influence is unnecessary. In Sven Hedin's "Trans-Himalaya" the traveler speaks of the sorrow of Oang Gye, the son of the Governor of Saka-Dzong, when one of the caravan shot a wild goose. He was quite overcome at this brutal murder, and could not conceive how the servant could be so heartless and cruel.

"You are right," I answered. "I am myself sorry for the wild geese. But you must remember that we are travelers, and dependent for our livelihood on what the country yields. Often the chase and fishing are our only resources."

"In this district you have plenty of sheep."

"Is it not just as wrong to kill sheep and eat their flesh?"

"No!" he exclaimed, with passionate decision. "That is quite another matter. You will surely not compare sheep to wild geese. There is as much difference between them as between sheep and human beings. For, like human beings, the wild geese marry and have families. And if you sever such a union by a thoughtless shot, you cause sorrow and misery.

"The goose which has just been bereaved of her mate will seek him fruitlessly by day and night, and will never leave the place where he has been murdered. Her life will be empty and forlorn, and she will never enter upon a new union, but will remain a widow, and will soon die of grief. A woman cannot mourn more deeply than she will, and the man who has caused such sorrow draws down a punishment on himself."

I had heard in the Lob country similar tales of the sorrow of the swans when their union was dissolved by death. It was moving to witness Oang Gye's tenderness and great sympathy for the wild geese, and I felt the deepest sympathy for him. Many a noble and sensitive heart beats in the cold and desolate valleys of Tibet.

Going to school finally becomes a habit. Many a young man continues in school long after he should be at work.

Some of our first impressions were made by mother's slippe

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TO THE MEN WHO LOSE

Here's to the men who lose!
What though their work be ne'er so nobly planned,
And watched with jealous care,
No glorious halo crowns their efforts grand,
Contempt is failure's share.

Here's to the men who lose!
If triumph's easy smile our struggles greet,
Courage is easy then;
The king is he who after fierce defeat
Can up and fight again.

Here's to the men who lose!
The ready plaudits of a fawning world
Ring sweet in victor's ears;
The vanquished banners never are unfurled—
For them there sound no cheers.

Here's to the men who lose!
The touchstone of true world is not success,
There is a higher test—
Though fate may darkly frown onward to press,
And bravely do one's best.

Here's to the men who lose!
It is the vanquished's praises that I sing,
And this is the toast I choose;
"A hard-fought failure is a noble thing,
Here's to the men who lose!"
—Unknown.

AMBER

At the sound of a footfall in the corridor he laid down his pen and leaned wearily back in his big arm chair.

Presently a hand thrust back the curtain from the doorway and his wife entered. She was gowned for the evening in her favorite color—dull yellow. There were diamonds at her throat and in her golden-brown hair. She looked radiant with pleasure.

"Shall I do?" she asked, coming forward and leaning upon the desk with her hands, palms downward.

He inspected her deliberately—critically, she thought.

"You will do well," he said at last. "What is it to-night, Amber?"

"'Faust.' I am going with the Kendalls, Lawrence——"

He took up his pen with a slight gesture of impatience that effectually silenced her. Half the joy died out of her face. She stood a moment watching him as he wrote; then she went round and laid her hand timidly on his shoulder.

"John——" wistfully.

She hesitated, hoping that he would look up or say something more; but he did neither.

"I—I am going now. Good-by."

"Good-by."

It was the tone, not the words, that brought a sudden dimness into her eyes. She lingered still with her hand on his shoulder. Then she slowly removed it and stole out of the room.

As the curtain ceased swaying behind her the pen dropped and John Sarles covered his face with his hands. He heard a carriage stop at the curbing, and the front door close with a bang. He heard a man's voice and a man's gay laugh—both Lawrence Kendall's; then there was a rumble of wheels and he lifted his head with a jerk. Something like a sob escaped him.

"Lawrence," she had said. It had come to that, then! Lawrence! John Sarles knew him well—knew how his handsome face and winning smile endeared him to the hearts of women—how he was sought after, petted, admired.

Ah, well, it was something, after all, to be born with a handsome face and straight, strong limbs. John Sarles looked bitterly at the crutch leaning against the chair and thought that because of it life had withheld much of its sweetness from him. Wealth and even a powerful intellect which put him in touch with the brightest thinkers of the day failed to make up to him for that.

He had been on the point of sinking into the self-imposed isolation of a proud, morose nature when Amber came—Amber, the little daughter of his only intimate friend, who, dying, had intrusted her to his care.

Soon the music of her laughter had chased away the ghostly echoes from the lonely old house and the light of her happy eyes brightened every room. Her books strewed the tables, her flowers filled the long unused vases, her gowns made bits of color against the dark walls as she flitted up-stairs and down.

Gradually all became changed because of her. New furniture replaced the old, new carpets covered the floors, the conservatory blossomed with rare plants and a grand piano lit up a dark recess of the library with its polished ivory and rosewood.

By and by the little girl became a maiden to whom every door was open and whose smile was a favor which men considered as well-nigh precious, and all the time that Amber was growing winsome and sweet and graceful John Sarles was growing old and wrinkled and gray. But his heart was as young as ever, and he loved Amber with all the pent-up force of his nature and he suffered agonies because of that love, feeling that she could never, never be his.

One day a handsome boy of good family came to ask him for Amber's hand. Poor John! He gave his consent and his blessings as well. What else could he do, not knowing but that Amber loved him? And while the boy was pleading his cause John sat in his study with as bitter a heartache as ever man had.

Presently the door opened, but he didn't look up. And then came a sweet, sobbing voice and the pressure of two soft and warm arms about his neck from behind.

"Oh, guardy, guardy, are you tired of me that you try to get rid of me so!"

He was suffocated with surprise, and joy and terror, but he managed to draw her around where he could see her face, which was rosy with blushes and persistently averted.

"Amber!" he cried. "Tired of you! Want to get rid of you, Amber!"

And then, reassured by his tone, she burst out, passionately——

"Yes, you must be, else you'd never have sent him to me, when you know I hate him—hate them all but you!"

He drew her down on his knee at that and held her close in his trembling arms. His face was near hers, but he did not kiss her. He could only look at the sweet, wet eyes and childlike mouth, the round, soft cheek and gold-brown hair, wondering, doubting, hoping all at once—he could not have told which the most of the three.

That was two years ago—two blessed years of such happiness that they seemed to him like a long, beautiful dream. Amber loved him and Amber was his wife.

But of late a shadow had fallen between them—the shadow of Lawrence Kendall. The fear that had numbered John's heart when he first beheld the young man's admiring gaze upon his wife had ripened into fierce jealousy.

He had grown cold and austere in his manner, causing Amber many tears and much worriment. Once he had been positively harsh toward her. What else had he been to-night? And all the time his proud, sensitive nature was suffering to its utmost capacity.

Dear little Amber! He could feel the tears in her eyes and the quiver of her mouth, though he could not see them. The wistful pleading in her voice had touched him to the quick.

How he longed to snatch her in his arms—crumpling the dull yellow silk, if he must, and ruffling the shiny hair, for she used never to complain—and kiss her over and over and tell her

"ARE YOU TIRED OF ME?"

how much he loved her, and how sorry he was to hurt her by word or by look.

But no—his pride, his indomitable pride, restrained him, and he had let her go with her whole evening spoiled because of it.

Ah, just wait till she came in, tired and cold and sleepy! Then he would make all right. She would forgive him—of course she would, the darling. And they would be happy again as they had not been for weeks, sitting by the fire together, she in the big crimson chair and he on an ottoman at her side, just where he could touch her hand or cheek and kiss her when he chose.

The firelight would dance on her hair and bring out the soft color in her face and she would laugh and smile in the old joyous way. What a fool he had been—how cowardly and unreasonable, to doubt his innocent darling even for one moment.

It was 2 o'clock and Amber ought to have been home an hour ago. What was it made John start and tremble and pale as he glanced at the clock? Were his fears confirmed? Had his doubts become truths?

Hark! Was not that the sound of a carriage pausing at the curbing? What occasioned this unusual confusion in the hall below?

John Sarles seized his crutch and limped a few paces toward the door, but stopped as it was flung open and the figure of an old serving man appeared on the threshold.

"Sir——" he began.

John Sarles' lips moved, but no sound passed them.

"Sir, I have come with sad news for you. There has been an accident—the horses ran away—and Miss Amber——"

He caught John as he reeled and fell and, answering the mute, awful appeal of those agonizing eyes, he concluded——

"Is hurt seriously, but no fatally. They have just brought her home."

Three months afterward, when bursting buds and freshly-sprouting grass proclaimed that spring was at hand, Amber was carried into her husband's study and propped up by pillows and cushions on the soft there. Her face had lost its roundness and its dainty color and the beautiful brown-gold hair was cut close to her head.

There was a great bunch of yellow roses on the table at her side, and she touched them lovingly, knowing John was watching her, and that he had placed them there.

Presently he came and sat down on the edge of the sofa—all their differences had long since been made up—and took her hands in his and held them tenderly against his mouth. There were tears in his eyes, though Amber's were clear enough.

"You dear old John," she said smiling, "I believe you feel worse about it than I do."

"Well, you needn't, you silly boy." She was silent a moment, and then she said, musingly. "Do you know, I believe I'm half glad——"

"Oh, my darling, to be lame all your life!"

"Yes; for, don't you see, we shall sympathize with one another more than we ever have? And, oh, John——"

"Yes, Amber."

"I never realized before how patient and dear you were until I was hurt. I think I love you better than ever, if that can be, and I am sure—quite sure—sure, quite sure, that this has been a blessed lesson for both of us, aren't you?"

And John, in his newer and clearer wisdom, dared not deny it.—Grit.

ODD NAMES FOR NEW COLORS.

Shades of Popular Fabrics Designated as Willow and Seaweed.

This season green is assertively in the lead for fabrics to be used for daytime wear and particularly in tailored costumes. Every shade known heretofore and a few additional ones are shown and called by names that appropriately designate the exact shade. The newest, says Vogue, are hemlock, willow, chartreuse, seaweed, Verte-de-Mer, bronze and ivy.

Venetian rouge is a deep and rare shade of red with just a tinge of brown, and terra cotta has a dusty tone not seen in this color before. It greatly improves it, as does the ashy tone given to the reddish plum color, which is known by the name rhododendron. Chataine is a deep red brown, very becoming to any type, and brun foncee corresponds to seal brown.

Moyen gris is a smoke gray. The paler tints for evening wear show a pale chartreuse, a pale sesastri and a pale smyrne. Crepuscul, lilac, bois de rose lichen, a light gray green and tanagra, a light cedar shade are the unusual hues, besides which all the colors known as evening shades are to be found. In these last cravette, which is a hue suggesting shrimp, is very captivating, and for dinner gowns or theater dresses there is a group, quite distinctive, of colors that remind one of old favorites, but differ by showing a grayer tone or a greener cast, or a note of purple, a difference decided though subtle. Of these tints rose crulee comes in two shades, one very pale, the other medium deep. The color is on the old rose order and has a soft glow, though toned on gray. Sauterne is a new and exquisite shade of amber, and champignon has a bronze cast, looking like seaweed dripping wet on the beach in the sun.

Aeroplane is a smoky blue green, and acier bruni is purplish gray, coming in two shades, and caca is a deep fawn brown. Etna is a smoky brown, and the new stone grays that are so scarf are dingy, green gray.

Taupe is the leading shade in plain mesh veils, and those made of a wiry thread in the large, hexagonal style are unusually becoming to the complexion. Another mesh veil, of finer weave, is covered with flat velvety pastilles, square in shape, scattered over the surface at close intervals.

It is remarkable how satisfactory one may furnish one's entire wardrobe ready-made when only a few years ago anything out of certain standard colors had to be furnished by the dress maker. The completness of the stock of colored separate waists evidences this, it being possible to match any suiting in a variety of fabrics and models. Thus one may keep up to the modish fad for blouses of the same color as the skirt with little or no trouble. Prominent in the showing of a leading shop are embroidered net waists, the pattern in silk soutache braid. To show this off contrast is given by a white mousseline lining, over which the work stands out clearly.

Honesty.

I was sitting at my desk when black Sam, who sometimes waits on me at my restaurant, entered my office.

"What can I do for you, Sam?" I asked.

"Ah got a chance to change mah situation, Misseh Clahk," he said. "Yo' kin seh a good wu'd fo' me, cain't yo'? Tell 'em Ah'm hones', 'n sich?"

"Of course," I hesitated, "you're a good waiter, Sam, but I don't know anything specially about your honesty."

"Well, tell 'em dat, an' say yo' thinks Ah'm hones'. Dat'll be enough."

So I promised I would.

"Thank yo', thank yo', Misseh Clahk," he said, with a deep bow. "When yo' come over to-morrow, sit at mah table 'n Ah'll give yo' a sho't check."—Success Magazine.

Milton's Reply.

Milton, besides being an excellent poet, could, if the occasion offered and circumstances demanded, make a sharp retort. In a letter to the London Spectator the writer quotes an anecdote which he found among some family papers. It was originally related by his great-great-grandfather in 1762.

King Charles II. had the curiosity to see Milton, and in the course of conversation said to him:

"God hath punished you for your malice, and so forth, to my father by taking away your sight."

"Aye," Milton is said to have replied, "but before I lost my eyes, he lost his head."

The Ingenue.

He—A philosopher says: "The only thing worth while in life is trying to do something you can't—and doing it."

She (sweetly)—Is that why you play bridge?—Life.

MILWAUKEE'S SOCIALIST MAYOR

Emil Seidel

Emil Seidel was born Dec. 13, 1864, at Schuylkill, Pa., of German parents.

Went to Milwaukee with parents in 1869.

Educated in Milwaukee public schools until his 13th year.

Left school in 1877 and for three years worked in a spice mill.

Apprenticed in 1880 to a woodcarver, for whom he worked until 1885.

Left United States in 1886 for Germany to perfect himself in wood-carving, modeling in clay and designing.

Remained in Berlin six years, working at his trade and attending night school.

Returned to this country in 1892 as employe in the German exhibit at Chicago World's Fair.

Returned in autumn of 1893 to Milwaukee and accepted a position as designer for the Fuller-Warren Manufacturing Company.

Organized in 1900 the Milwaukee Pattern Manufacturing Company, of which he now is a member.

Nominated in November, 1909, as mayoralty candidate by Social Democratic party in referendum vote.

Elected Mayor of Milwaukee April 5, 1910.

Gifts to Diplomats.

Had the framers of the federal constitution realized how much heartburning would follow as a result of their adoption of the clause forbidding any officer of the army, the navy or the civil service of the government to receive decorations or gifts from any foreign ruler without permission from Congress it is possible that they would have reversed themselves, the New York Mail and Express says. That provision has been a cause of hardness of heart and bitterness of spirit ever since it was ratified, for, while Congress has in many cases authorized officers to accept gifts offered by old world sovereigns, it has withheld permission in instances far more numerous.

The situation, apart from the personal side, has become really serious. The offices of the State Department are all cluttered up with presents bestowed by royal highnesses upon American officers who are not permitted to receive them. These articles include loving cups, golden swords, ribbons and jewels of various foreign orders, photographs and other trinkets, more or less gaudy. The persons for whom these baubles were intended have repeatedly asked Congress for permission to accept them, but have been heartlessly repulsed every time. More than 200 requests of that character are now before the Senate committee on foreign relations, but only the other day the chairman of that body, Uncle Shelby Cullom, an unmitigated exemplar of Jeffersonian simplicity, made it known that nothing or less was doing.

All of which is distressing. Something must be done to rid the State Department of these accumulated baubles or business will have to stop. It might work out all right to dispose of them by raffle.

For the Summer Guest.

"We just got a big dictionary," said Uncle Henry.

"You don't need one in your business, do you?" asked the owner of the general store.

"Yep," said uncle. "It's pretty near time for summer boarders, and I ain't goin' to have 'em askin' me how to spell words when they're writin' letters."—Buffalo Express.

The Mean Thing!

"I see," remarked Mrs. Beemis, who was reading the evening paper aloud because her husband's eyes were tired, "that boots and shoes are going up in price."

"I wonder," said Mr. Beemis, thoughtfully, "if all shoes will be affected. Do you suppose, for instance, that low shoes will be higher?"

Suppressed Sense of Humor.

"Women have no sense of humor," said the cynic.

"Oh, yes, they have," replied Miss Cayenne. "They have to suppress it. If they didn't there would be no marriages. You have no idea how laughable a man is when he proposes."—Washington Star.

We had hoped to finally settle the cost of the bride's outfit, but so many people are complaining of being bored that we are compelled to give it up.

When you say a man refuses to listen to reason, it means that he fails to agree with you.

CONVERSATION BY YARDSTICK.

Exactitude May Take All the Savor Out of It.

"O my prophetic soul," Marian exclaimed, "here comes Miss Alma Briggs!"

"Who is Miss Alma Briggs?" Beatrice asked. "I'm going to stay a month, Marian. Don't you think we can sustain Miss Alma even if it is our first day together in seven years?"

"Don't ask who she is," Marian retorted. "It isn't wise to get me started. She is a very excellent and useful woman, my dear, but she can kill a pleasant conversation sooner than anybody I ever saw. She kills it with her yardstick. She is a Poisoner of Fancy, a Sworn Foe to Jest, a Hereditary Enemy to Sportive Ease, she—Oh, you just wait!"

"But surely you needn't fear rivalry, although she does talk by the yard," Beatrice protested, wickedly.

"I scorn your base insinuations, Miss Blanchard," her cousin retorted. "I merely point out your error. I said yardstick, not yard. Perhaps foot rule would be more accurate—foot rule, T square, spirit level—she is an expert in the use of them all. I hear her footstep upon the stair. Kindly be conversing with your usual brilliancy and grace—and keep it up if you can!"

Curious and mystified, Beatrice rose a moment later to meet the caller—a middle-aged lady with a pleasant, capable face. She shook hands with Beatrice, whom Marian introduced as her cousin, but turned abruptly to Marian at the word.

"But, my dear, I thought you had no cousin in the world."

"Beatrice's mother and mine are cousins," Marian replied, "so we have always counted each other so."

"Ah, I understand. Then you have at least one first cousin once removed, and you and she are second cousins."

"But it would be so dreadful to have to feel second-cousinly," Marian protested, whimsically. "Don't you think so, Miss Briggs? 'Cousin' is a nice, warm, sunny word, like that west window; second cousin sounds so very northeasterly."

"Why, Marian, that window doesn't face the west; it's only a trifle west of the south. You can tell by Royal street, which runs directly east and west."

"Yes'm, I suppose it is," Marian agreed, meekly. "Only you see it would take so long to think sou'-sou'west every time."

"There is no excuse," Miss Briggs answered, firmly, "for not thinking of things as they are."

The converastion, after this easy beginning, went on for an hour. When finally Miss Briggs left, Marian looked at her cousin.

"Do you understand now?" she asked.

"And yet," Beatrice said, thoughtfully, "she was right every time."

"Right?" Marian whirled about, her eyes flashing. "Of course she's right—as accurate as a government scale. The trouble is, spirit itsn't measurable and a real conversation is spirit, not feet and inches. It's humor and fancy and whim, and lovely fleeting glimpses of new country, not a problem in algebra. If there was any moral issue involved it would be another matter, but there isn't. It's merely exactitude grown into a mania. Let's come out in the sunset. I want to see something that can't be measured."—Youth's Companion.

An Impractical Joker.

Practical joking, "the meanest form of wit," is common in Hungary. Formerly the pranks used to be coarse, if not dangerous, but that is changing now. The only saving grace of the Magyarian practical jokes, says W. B. F. Bovll in "Hungary and the Hungarians," is that they are not perpetrated in a spirit of bitterness.

One of the most famous jokers of the old school was Jozsa Gyuri. Exiled in one of the most inaccessible parts of the great plain, he lived and died "a prodigal and a buffoon."

A story is told of Jozsa going to spend a night with a Count Keglevich. Wishing to be impressive, he journeyed thither in a beautiful new coach, of which he was very proud. On being shown over the grounds by the count, his attention was directed to a remarkably fine hay-rick. Hay was then standing at a good price. After supper Jozsa drew together some friends, and the rick was soon nothing but a heap of ashes.

The next morning, when Jozsa wanted to continue his journey, his wonderful carriage was not to be seen anywhere.

"Why, my friend," said the count, "you yourself burnt it last night. The fact is, my coach-house wants repairing, and as the evening threatened to be wet, we put your carriage under the rick to keep it dry."

The Family Reasons.

It is characteristic of philosophers and scholars that, once their mind is made up, it is almost impossible to change it. They do not want it changed. The late Charles Eliot Norton, in his lectures on the history of art, is credited with a story illustrating this point. Mallock, the philosopher, once met Thomas Carlyle.

Mallock was a wise man, but he and Carlyle differed in their views, and therefore Carlyle dubbed Mallock's opinions false and pernicious. When Mallock called on Carlyle he talked in his fluent way for two straight hours.

Then he rose to go. At the door Carlyle, who had smoked the whole time in grim silence, took his pipe from his mouth and said, mildly:

"Weel, good-by, Mr. Mallock. I've received ye kindly, because I knew yer mither, but I never want to set eyes on ye again."

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Be sure you get this brand, manufactured by the
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ALL FIRST-CLASS GROCERS HAVE THEM

Says Pastor Goodman.

"Those sleepers may be sinners,
But their sleeping is no sign;
Brethren, if they can't keep awake
They're not to blame—make no mistake!—
For I know the fault is mine!"

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There has recently been discovered an aromatic, pleasant herb cure for woman's ills, called Mother Gray's AUSTRALIAN LEAF. It is the only certain regulator. Cures female Weaknesses and Backache, Kidney, Bladder and Urinary troubles. At all Druggists or by mail 50 cents. Sample FREE. Address the Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

The greatest men are those who learn the most by the fewest experiences.

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It takes 2600 years for radium to lose one-half of its radio-activity, according to recent investigations by scientists.

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The Bitters has clearly proven, during the past 56 years, that it is an ideal tonic and invigorant for those in a weak and debilitated condition. It aids digestion and keeps the bowels open. Try it to-day.

Loss of Appetite

Which is so common in the spring or upon the return of warm weather, is loss of vitality, vigor or tone, and is often a forerunner of prostrating disease.

It is serious and especially so to people that must keep up and doing or get behindhand.

The best medicine to take for it is the great constitutional remedy

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Which purifies and enriches the blood and builds up the whole system.

Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolated tablets known as Sarsatabs.

To save the inconvenience of operating two 110-volt lamps in series in a 220-volt lighting current, a tungsten lamp of the higher voltage has appeared in the market.

SAVE ½ YOUR GAS, KEROSENE OR GASOLINE and keep cool. The Spengler Cooker and Heat Distributor confines the heat of one burner and distributes it to three openings, enabling you to cook three articles or heat four flat irons at the same time over one flame, resulting in great ecomony and a cool kitchen. It positively prevents burning food and utensils and pays for itself in a short time. Price $1.75 delivered. Territory for capable agents; a big seller. Franklin C. Smith Co., Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco.

On an average it requires about two productive acres of land to support each inhabitant of a country.

Proof Positive.

A western newspaper man visited Washington recently and told the following story on former Representative Amos J. Cummings of New York, who was once city editor of the Sun. One Saturday night it was announced that all the saloons were to be closed next day.

Cummings called his star reporter, Murray.

"Tom," he said, "go out to-morrow and find out if the saloons were selling liquor."

It was Thursday when Tom again appeared at the city desk.

"They were," he reported.—Success Magazine.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

There never was a bigger lie than that the world fails to appreciate a man.

FOR SALE—Land in sonoma County. Stock, dairy, fruit and poultry farms, all sizes and prices. No better land, never failing water, no malaria. Call or write. Santa Rosa Realty Co., 636 Market St., San Francisco or Elks Bldg., Santa Rosa, Cal.

The man who buys his friends usually pays more than they are worth.

An international botanical congress will be held at Brussels in May.

A Merited Rebuke.

At the age of 86 Madam Reynolds still found much zest in life, and having retained all her faculties, she felt that a few of the physical disabilities of her age were of small account and portended nothing. Her nephew Thomas was a man of much worth, but of a certain tactlessness of speech which always roused the ire of his aunt.

A few weeks before the old lady's eighty-seventh birthday Thomas, who had been overweighted with business cares for years, started on a trip round the world which was to consume two years.

"I've come to say good-by," he announced, when he appeared at his aunt's house, in a town fifty miles distant from his home. "I'm starting round the world next week, and as I'm to be gone two years, and perhaps longer, I thought I might not ever—well, you understand, I wanted to be sure to see you once more."

The old lady leaned forward, fixing him with her bead-like eyes.

"Thomas," she said, imperatively, "do you mean to tell me the doctor doesn't think you'll live to get back?"

For Any Disease or Injury to the eye, use PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, absolutely harmless, acts quickly. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Two "Green" Reporters.

The inexperienced reporter is likely to have an undeveloped "news sense." Every one will recall the story of the journalist who was sent to report a fashionable wedding. He returned an hour or so later empty-handed. When asked what happened, he said, "Nothing at all; the groom didn't come." A writer in Lippincott's Magazine recounts an incident not dissimilar.

At a certain school of journalism a part of the practical work is to do regular reporting. One time a student was sent in haste to "cover" a railroad wreck at a town a few miles away.

It grew to be almost time for the paper to go to press, and still no word from the young man on the assignment. In desperation, the dean of the school telegraphed to ask why the story was not forthcoming. The reply was:

"Too much excitement. Wait till things quiet down."

A Sybarite.

In the gray light of early morning the traveler in Scotland faced the night clerk resolutely. "You gave me the worst bed in the inn!" he began, indignation in his voice and eyes. "If you don't change me before to-night, I shall look up other lodgings."

"There is no difference in the beds, sir," the clerk replied, respectfully.

The traveler smiled ironically.

"If that is so," he said, "perhaps you wouldn't mind giving me the room on the left of mine."

"It is occupied, sir."

"I know it is. By a man who snored all night, and was still at it ten minutes ago. His bed must be better than mine, or he couldn't sleep at a maximum capacity of sound eight hours on a stretch."

"The beds are all alike sir. That man has been here before, and he always sleeps on the floor, sir."

A Mother's Troubles.

The mother of a large family fell ill and died, and the attending physician reported that she died of starvation. It was incredible, but he proved it. The woman had to get the dinner and then spend the next two hours in waiting on the family and getting the children to the table. It was never on record that she got all of them there at the same time, and they came straggling in all the way from potatoes to pie. By the time she had wiped the last face her own hunger had left her and she had no desire to eat. Chickens, the doctor said, come running at feed time, but children don't. A hen has a better chance to eat than a mother.—Atchison Globe.

What She Should Have Said.

Two colored women were standing on a downtown corner yesterday afternoon talking.

"Miss Williams have came home," said one.

The other laughed. "Ma goodness!" she said. "Why don't you leahn yoh grammah?"

"What did I say that wah grammahless?" asked the other.

"You said 'have came.'"

The first speaker was provoked. "Well, yo' knows so much about grammah, now tell me what should I a-said," she demanded.

"Yo' should a-said 'Miss Williams HAS came home," replied the other.—Denver Post.

A Studied Explanation.

"Will you be able to explain your attitude on the tariff?"

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "I'll have my explanation ready when the time comes. But I'll wait till my constituents are interested in other things and will carefully make it a little hard to understand."—Washington Star.

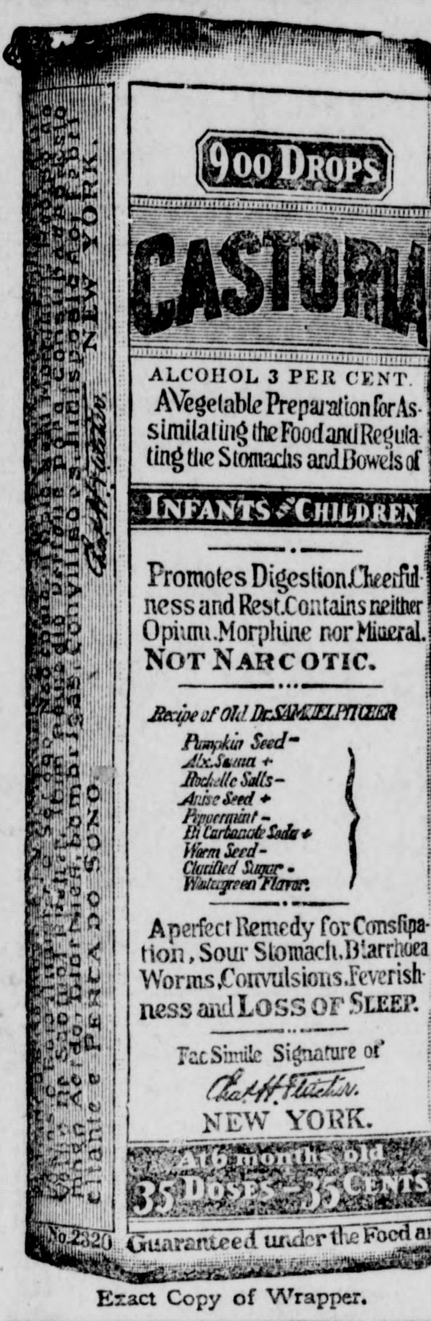
No Chance for an Argument.

"If you had any life in you, Henry,"
she snapped,
"You'd go out there and fire the
cook!"
"But I haven't, you see, Flo," he placidly yapped;
And he buried himself in a book.
—Chicago Tribune.

Had Tested Her.

Hankinson—Isn't it a pity the pretty Miss Justout stammers so badly?

Crankinson—She doesn't stammer the least bit when she says "no!"



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The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

In Use For Over Thirty Years

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

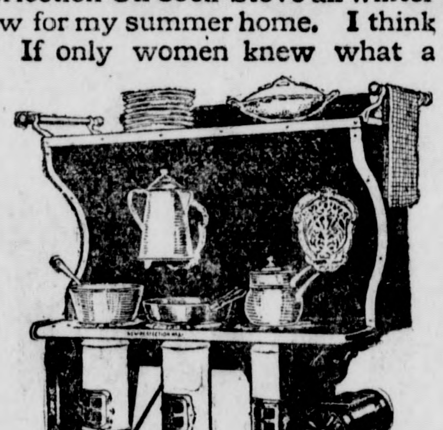
A Storekeeper Says:

"A lady came into my store lately and said:

"'I have been using a New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove all winter in my apartment. I want one now for my summer home. I think these oil stoves are wonderful. If only women knew what a comfort they are, they would all have one. I spoke about my stove to a lot of my friends, and they were astonished. They thought that there was smell and smoke from an oil stove, and that it heated a room just like any other stove. I told them of my experience, and one after another they got one, and now, not one of them would give hers up for five times its cost.'"

The lady who said this had thought an oil stove was all right for quickly heating milk for a baby, or boiling a kettle of water, or to make coffee quickly in the morning, but she never dreamed of using it for difficult or heavy cooking. Now—she knows.

Do you really appreciate what a New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove means to you? No more coal to carry, no more coming to the dinner table so tired out that you can't eat. Just light a Perfection Stove and immediately the heat from an intense blue flame shoots up to the bottom of pot, kettle or oven. But the room isn't heated. There is no smoke, no smell, no outside heat, no drudgery in the kitchen where one of these stoves is used.



Cautionary Note: Be sure you get this stove—see that the name-plate reads "New Perfection."

New Perfection
WICK BLUE FLAME
Oil Cook-stove

It has a Cabinet Top with a shelf for keeping plates and food hot. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimneys, makes the stove ornamental and attractive. Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet.

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To Buy, to Sell or Exchange, your ranch or Oakland property, write us: money loaned on Oakland real estate. [illegible] Real Estate Co., [illegible] Oakland, Cal.

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Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They act directly on the liver, make more bile secreted. This is why they are so valuable in constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick-headache. Ask your doctor if he knows a better laxative pill.

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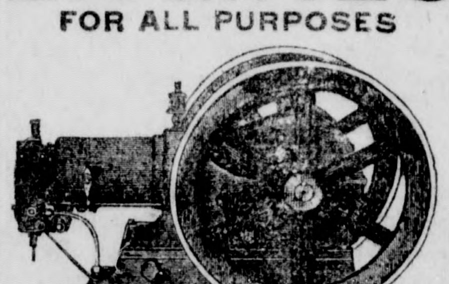

Engines today are taking the place of the horse and of all forms of manual labor. Dependability—the certainty that it will work when you need it, is the first requisite of an engine. Then reliability of workmanship, obviating repairs.

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Catch Your City Young.

This is the advice of Franklin Clarkin, writing in Success Magazine.

Three or four Iowans settled on a sandy beach in Texas to experiment with a city without taxes. As others joined them, the settlement formed a legal corporation—quite as the ancient Romans in Britain did—for the purpose of regulating domestic policy and administering powers of government; and as a means of checking up government by public opinion, the initiative and referendum was instituted.

After fourteen years Fairhope is thriving happily. Land is owned by the corporation, which is the community, and is leased to individuals for ninety-nine years. When one has paid into the communal treasury the annual ground rent of, say, $25 for his leasehold, $50 down for installing a telephone (if he wants one)—that is all the government exacts.

And in return for it there are three free schools; a water system without rates; a public dock; a library that is free without a Carnegie foundation; a telephone system with absolutely no charges within the county.

All these were established out of the surplus from ground rent, after paying the State and county taxes, and the cost of administration and improvements.

You see, according to this, there would be really nothing supernatural or miraculous about dividend-paying cities. Only an extreme sort of practicality. The main desideratum would seem to be that you must catch your city young, and thereafter protect it from private exploitation.

Mr. Shanklin's Finesse.

"Doctor," said Mr. Shanklin, "if my wife comes to ask your advice I have two requests to make. In the first place don't tell her I've been here. Secondly, don't advise her to quit wearing a corset."

"But——"

"I know what I am talking about, doctor, and I know her better than you do. If you order her to throw away her corset she'll refuse to obey. You'll have to do it indirectly, if at all."

"All right."

In a few days Mrs. Shanklin called at the physician's office.

"Doctor," she said, "I am troubled with a distressing shortness of breath, accompanied by frequent spells of headache and dizziness, and I should like to have you prescribe for me."

"You don't need any medicine, madam," he answered. "Breathe deeply."

"Breathe deeply!"

"Yes; get into the habit of doing it, so you will breathe that way unconsciously. Give your lungs and the muscles of your chest absolute free play."

"Is that all?"

"That is all, madam."

"Horace," said Mrs. Shanklin to her husband, later in the day, "I have quit wearing corsets, but I want you to understand distinctly that I am doing it of my own free will, and not because you have been nagging me about it!"

"All right, Alvira."—Chicago Tribune.

The New Education.

A member of a school board was visiting a public school not long ago when he encountered a small boy in the hall.

"What are you studying, my boy?" the visitor asked.

"Arithmetic and geography," answered the boy.

"And what are you learning in arithmetic?"

The boy thought for a minute. Then he replied, "Guzinta."

"Guzinta?" said the surprised official. "What's that?"

"Why, don't you know," said the boy, "two guzinta four, three guzinta six, four guzinta eight, five guzinta ten?"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Most Powerful Searchlight.

The world's most powerful searchlight is now part of the equipment of the Connecticut of the United States navy. The great mirror is five feet in diameter and was made for the government in Germany. The searchlight will throw such a powerful beam of light that it will be able to detect a submarine or torpedo boat at a distance of ten miles.

Too Much to Lose.

Manager of Touring Company—Here, buck up, Miss De Vere; else we shall lose the train.

Leading Lady—But I've lost my reticule and my jewel case with my diamonds in it.

Manager—O, let 'em go. We must catch this train.

Leading Lady—But my reticule had 30 shillings in it.—The Sketch.

Called.

Jimmy Jenkins (to new boy in neighborhood)—What's yer old man do? What's he work at?

Harold Harrington (loftily)—He's on the bench.

Jimmy Jenkins—Den he's wit' some bush league, kid, fer dere ain't no sich player in de National er American?—Puck.

Why He Favored Them.

Friend—Why do you encourage these woman's suffrage meetings? Surely you don't approve of them?

Husband—Approve? With all my heart! I can come home as late as I like now without finding my wife waiting to ask questions.—Kansas City Journal.

"Knowledge is bliss," and that is why discriminating men call for "Old Gilt Edge" when they want a drink of good whiskey, either rye or bourbon.

In the Rough.

A man mixed some strychnine with
wheat,
And fed it to the English sparrows.
Said the cat: "What makes
The birds taste so queer?"
And there wasn't a dry eye in the igloo.

Munyon's Paw Paw Pills coax the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, gripe or weaken. They are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves; invigorate instead of weaken. They enrich the blood and enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. These pills contain no calomel; they are soothing, healing and stimulating. For sale by all druggists in 10c and 25c sizes. If you need medical advice, write Munyon's Doctors. They will advise to the best of their ability absolutely free of Charge. **MUNYON'S, 53d and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.**

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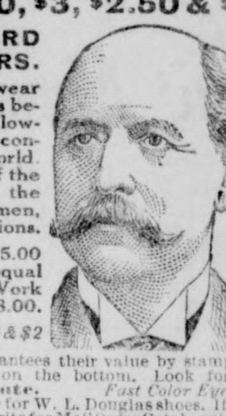

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"I find Cascarets so good that I would not be without them. I was troubled a great deal with torpid liver and headache. Now since taking Cascarets Candy Cathartic I feel very much better. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as the best medicine I have ever seen."

Anna Bazinet,
Osborn Mill No. 2, Fall River, Mass.

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Uncle Sam Turns Searchlight On the Lumber Trust

Washington.—The Department of Justice is investigating the subject of the price of lumber in the United States with a view to determining whether or not the so-called lumber trust may be reached by the Sherman anti-trust law on the ground that it is a combination in restraint of trade.

Every State, county and city, it is said, has its lumber organization, which the officials declare they believe sets the price of the article, as well as restricts the sale to particular individuals. The so-called combination, officials say, is one of the most formidable with which the department had to deal.

That the cost of lumber is an important consideration in the high cost of living problem is the opinion of those who have been looking into the subject. It is higher than should be the case in their opinion. The point is made that the inquiry now under way is in line with the policy of the Department of Justice to investigate and prosecute combinations alleged to be in restraint of trade, that enter into the high cost of living, without waiting for the decision of the Supreme Court in the Standard Oil and American Tobacco cases. That such would be the attitude of the Government was announced by Attorney-General Wickersham just after the request made by the Supreme Court for the re-argument of these cases.

Fruit Must Be Up to Standard Before It Goes Out

Stockton.—The shipments of Tokay grapes from San Joaquin county hereafter must be under conditions that will meet all the requirements of the standardiztion test or up to the rules adopted by the majority of the grape growers in San Joaquin county. The vineyardists declare they will make every effort to see that only the best quality of grapes is sent out of the various shipping points, and they are sure that in the long run the growers will make better profit.

This year the pack will be closely inspected in all of the shipping sheds, and the firms who handle the crop will assist in the work of upholding the standard. There has been a lot of trouble over sending out poor grapes and fruit, which has been refused or sold at a loss in the East. Hereafter it is believed that this can be entirely eliminated by careful packing. The shipments will be given the most rigid inspection and few cars will leave this county that are not up to the standard.

Lime and Pure Water Necessary Parts of a Chicken's Diet

Stockton.—Chicken raisers and farmers heard Prof. M. E. Jaffa of the University of California lecture on poultry raising at the Chamber of Commerce rooms a few days ago. Jaffa declared adobe soil the very worst for chicken raising and added that those using such land must supply grit for their chickens in order to be successful. He also advised some form of lime. Alfalfa, he said, does not contain enough lime for proper feed. Jaffa laid particular stress upon the necessity of supplying chickens with fresh water. "Any water unfit for human consumption is not good for fowls," he declared. "Any drinking fountain unfit for use as a cooking utensil because of filth is unfit for chickens. If these two rules are followed, disease will not exist among chickens."

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AIR SPRINGS TO DISPLACE RUBBER TIRES ON AUTOS

New Invention May Ultimately Reduce Cost of Machines by Half

Pittsburg, Pa.—A new invention has just been completed by George Westinghouse. It is an air spring, and by it Westinghouse says the expense of running all vehicles now rubber-tired will be decreased at least 60 per cent, since the rubber tire may now be dispensed with. It is claimed that the new invention will ultimately reduce the price of automobiles one-half.

The new air spring idea, which is now being tried out in Pittsburg, is a series of plungers working on air cushions, on the same principal as an elevator plunger. The air spring is placed under each corner of the frame of an automobile and takes up the shock with greater ease than do the rubber tires. Each spring for an automobile is a cylinder about three inches in diameter and perhaps ten inches long, the plunger being connected with the automobile frame working up and down as increasing or diminishing weight requires.

Lid on Reno Restaurants.

Reno.—The lid is on in Reno as far as private booths or boxes connected with cafes, restaurants or dining resorts are concerned, where it has been the practice in this city as far back as memory goes, for women to meet male escorts and to dine and indulge in all sorts of carousals. This condition was aggravated during the past two years by the city becoming the center of the social activities of the eastern divorce colony, many of whose members are prone to take advantage of an opportunity to gratify certain social proclivities denied them at home.

Child Proves Himself a Hero.

San Diego.—Rare nerve was shown by Rodney McGuffle, five-year-old son of W. A. McGuffle, an expressman, recently. The little fellow was run over by a wagon and his scalp was torn off. At a hospital he endured, without taking an anesthetic, a operation lasting two hours. His scalp was sewed on, 60 stitches being necessary. During the ordeal he did not even whimper.

Granted Time to Find New Jobs.

Washington.—In order that they may have oppotunity to obtain employment, Secretary McVeagh has arranged to give 30 days' leave of absence to all employes who will be affected by the economics and improvements in business methods to become operative July 1, when a large number will be dismissed.

Want Perpetual Census Taken.

Oakland.—Profiting by their experience during the present census, the members of the Chamber of Commerce are discussing the preparation of a clause for insertion in the new charter providing for a perpetual census, in accordance with the system in use in Germany and in some of the British cities.

Helen Gould Aids Missionaries.

New York.—Miss Helen M. Gould has given $10,000 to defray the expenses of sending a party of five Christian workers of this city to the Orient to conduct a series of Bible conferences with missionaries in China and Japan.

Will Entertain Press Association.

Sacramento.—The Chamber of Commerce and the Sacramento Valley Development Association will unite in entertaining the members of the California Press Association when they come here on their way to Lake Tahoe June 9 for a day's stop.

Pulled Gun Toward Him.

Nanaimo, B. C.—Charles Fort, aged 18, died here of wounds received while hunting recently. He started to pick up a gun lying on the ground when the trigger caught in a twig and the charge of shot was fired into his breast.

Corean Assassin Must Die.

Seoul, Corea.—Yie Chaim Yong, the young Corean who stabbed Premier Yi in an attempt at assassination on December 22 last, has been sentenced to death.

Feared to Face Trial.

Muskogee, Okla.—Rather than face a charge of murder for having killed Elijah Coffinger, a prisoner who was shot while attempting to escape, Levi Rogers, town marshal of Briggs, near here, committed suicide.

Tracy to Have Theatre.

Stockton.—A modern theater will be erected in Tracy. It will be a two-story brick structure, 52x137 feet. The theater will occupy the first story and the upper floor will be used as a hotel.

CIVIC SOCIETIES.

COLMA-VISTA GRANDE AERIE, No. 1848 F. O. E. meets every Thursday evening in Colma Hall at 8:30 p. m

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